THE GENTLEMAN Dancing-Master.

A

COMEDY,

As it is Acted

By Their MAJESTIES

SERVANTS.

By Mr *Wycherley.*

Horat. —— *Non satis est risu diducere rictum*
Auditoris: & est quædam tamen hic quoq; virtus.

LONDON,
Printed for *H. Herringman*, and Sold by *T. Dring*, *R. Bentley*, *J. Tonson*, *F. Saunders*, and *T. Bennet*, 1693.

UMI

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UMI

PROLOGUE

To the CITY,

Newly after the Removal of the Duke's Company from *Lincoln's-Inn-fields* to their new Theatre, near *Salisbury*-Court.

OUR Author (like an) finding 'twould scarce do,
At t'other end o'th' Town, is come to you:
And since 'tis his last Tryal, has that Wit
To throw himself on a substantial Pit.
Where needy Wit, or Critick dare not come,
Lest Neighbour i'the Cloak, with looks so grum,
Shou'd prove a Dunne;
Where Punk in vizor dare not rant and tear
To put us out, since Bridewel *is so near;*
In short, we shall be heard, be understood,
If not, shall be admir'd and that's as good;
For you to senseless Plays have still been kind,
Nay, where no sense was, you a Jest won'd find:
And never was it heard of, that the City
Did ever take occasion to be witty
Upon dull Poet, or stiff Players Action,
But still with claps oppos'd the hissing Faction.
But if you hiss'd, 'twas at the Pit, not Stage,
So, with the Poet, damn'd the damning Age,
And still we know are ready to engage
Against the flouting, tickling Gentry who
Citizen, Player, Poet, wou'd undo,
The Poet, no; unless by commendation;
For on the Change, Wits have no reputation;
And rather than be branded for a Wit,
He with you, able men, won'd credit get.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. *Gerard*, Mr. *Martin*,	Young Gentlemen of the Town, and Friends.
Mr. *Parris* or *Monsieur De Parris*.	A vain Coxcomb, and rich City-Heir, newly returned from *France*, and mightily affected with the *French* Language and Fashions.
Mr. *James Formal* or *Don Diego*.	An old rich *Spanish* Merchant newly returned home, as much affected with the Habit and Customs of *Spain*, and Uncle to *De Parris*.
Mrs. *Hippolita*.	*Formal*'s Daughter.
Mrs. *Caution*.	*Formal*'s Sister, an impertinent precise Old Woman.
Prue.	*Hippolita*'s Maid.
Mrs. *Flirt*. Mrs. *Flounce*.	Two Common Women of the Town.

A little *Black-a-More*, Lacquey to *Formal*.

A Parson.

A *French* Scullion.

Servants, Waiter, and Attendants.

SCENE *London*.

THE

THE GENTLEMAN Dancing-Master.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Don Diego's *House in the Evening.*

Enter Hippolita *and* Prue *her Maid.*

Hipp. TO confine a Woman just in her rambling Age! take away her liberty at the very time she shou'd use it! O barbarous Aunt! O unnatural Father! to shut up a poor Girle at fourteen, and hinder her budding; all things are ripen'd by the Sun, to shut up a poor Girl at fourteen! ——

Prue. 'Tis true, Miss, two poor young Creatures as we are!

Hipp. Not suffer'd to see a play in a twelve month! ——

Prue. Nor to go to *Ponchinello* nor Paradise! ——

Hipp. Nor to take a Ramble to the Park nor Mulberry-garden! ——

Prue. Nor to *Tatnam-Court* nor *Islington!* ——

Hipp. Nor to eat a Sillybub in new Spring-garden with a Cousin! ——

Prue. Nor to drink a Pint of Wine with a Friend at the Prince in the Sun! ——

Hipp. Nor to hear a Fiddle in good Company!

Prue. Nor to hear the Organs and Tongs at the Gun in *Moorfields!* ——

Hipp. Nay, not suffer'd to go to Church, because the men are sometimes there! little did I think I should ever have long'd to go to Church!

Prue. Or I either, but between two Maids! ——

Hipp. Not see a man! ——

Prue. Nor come near a man! ——

Hipp. Nor hear of a man! ——

Prue. No, Miss, but to be deny'd a man! and to have no use at all of a man! ——

Hipp.

Hipp. Hold, hold —— your resentment is as much greater than mine, as your experience has been greater; but all this while, what do we make of my Cousin, my Husband elect (as my Aunt says) we have had his Company these three days. Is he no man?

Prn. No, faith, he's but a *Monsieur*, but you'll resolve your self that question within these three days: for by that time, he'll be your Husband, if your Father come to night? ——

Hipp. Or if I provide not my self with another in the mean time! For Fathers seldom chuse well, and I will no more take my Father's choice in a Husband, than I would in a Gown or a Suit of Knots: so that if that Cousin of mine were not an ill contriv'd ugly Freekish-fool, in being my Father's choice, I shou'd hate him; besides he has almost made me out of love with mirth and good humour, for he debases it as much as a Jack-pudding; and Civility and good Breeding more than a City Dancing-Master. ——

Prn. What, won't you marry him then, Madam?

Hipp. Wou'dst thou have me marry a Fool! an Idiot?

Prn. Lord! 'tis a sign you have been kept up indeed! and know little of the World, to refuse a man for a Husband, only because he's a Fool. Methinks he's a pretty apish kind of a Gentleman, like other Gentlemen, and handsome enough to lye with in the dark, when Husbands take their priviledges, and for the day-times you may take the priviledge of a Wife.

Hipp. Excellent Governess, you do understand the World, I see.

Prn. Then you shou'd be guided by me.

Hipp. Art thou in earnest then, damn'd Jade? wou'dst thou have me marry him? well ——there are more poor young Women undone and married to filthy Fellows, by the treachery and evil Counsel of Chamber-maids, than by the obstinacy and covetousness of Parents.

Prn. Does not your Father come on purpose out of *Spain* to marry you to him? Can you release your self from your Aunt or Father any other way? Have you a mind to be shut up as long as you live? For my part (though you can hold out upon the Lime from the Walls here, Salt, old Shoes, and Oat-meal) I cannot live so, I must confess my patience is worn out ——

Hipp. Alas! alas! poor *Prn!* your stomach lies another way, I will take pity of you, and get me a Husband very suddenly, who may have a Servant at your Service; but rather than marry my Cousin, I will be a Nun in the new Protestant Nunnery they talk of, (where they say) there will be no hopes of coming near a man.

Prn. But you can marry no body but your Cousin, Miss, your Father you expect to night, and be certain his *Spanish* policy and wariness, which has kept you up so close ever since you came from *Hackney* School, will make sure of you within a day or two at farthest ——

Hipp. Then 'tis time to think how to prevent him —— stay ——

Prn. In vain, vain Miss!

Hipp. If we knew but any man, any man, though he were but a little handsomer than the Devil, so that he were a Gentleman.

Prn. What if you did know any man, if you had an opportunity, cou'd you have confidence to speak to a man first? But if you cou'd, how cou'd you come

to

to him, or he to you? nay how cou'd you send to him? for though you cou'd write, which your Father in his *Spanish* prudence won't never permit you to learn, who shou'd carry the Letter? but we need not be concern'd for that, since we know not to whom to send it.

Hipp. Stay! —— it must be so —— I'll try however ——

Enter Monsieur de Paris.

Mons. Serviteur, Serviteur, la Cousinè, I come to give the *bon Soir*, as the *French* say.

Hipp. O Cousin, you know him, the fine Gentleman they talk of so much in Town.

Pru. What! will you talk to him of any man else?

Mons. I know all the beaux monde Cousinè.

Hipp. Mister ——

Mons. Monsieur Taileur! Monsieur *Esmit*, Monsieur ——

Hipp. These are *French* men ——

Mons. Non, non, would you have me say Mr. *Taylor*, Mr. *Smith*, fie, fie, testè non ——

Hipp. But don't you know the brave Gentleman they talk of so much in Town?

Mons. Who, Monsieur *Gerrard*?

Hipp. What kind of man is that Mr. *Gerrard*? and then I'll tell you.

Mons. Why —— he is truly a pretty man, a pretty man —— a pretty so so —— kind of man, for an *English* man.

Hipp. How! a pretty man?

Mons. Why, he is convenicatly tall —— but ——

Hipp. But, what?

Mons. And not ill shap'd —— but ——

Hipp. But what?

Mons. And handsom, as 'tis thought —— but ——

Hipp. But, what are your Exceptions to him?

Mons. I can't tell you, because they are innumerable, innumerable mon foy.

Hip. Has he Wit?

Mons. Ay, ay, they say he's witty, brave and de bel humeur and well-bred with all that —— but ——

Hipp. But what? does he want Judgment?

Mons. Non, non, they say he has good sense and judgment, but it is according to the account *English* —— for ——

Hip. For what?

Mons. For Jarnie —— if I think it ——

Hipp. Why?

Mons. Why —— why his Taylor lives within *Ludgate* —— his Valet de Chambre is no *French*-man —— and he has been seen at noon-day to go into an *English* Eating-house ——

Hipp. Say you so, Cousin?

Mons. Then for being well-bred you shall judge —— first he can't dance a step, nor sing a *French* Song, nor swear a *French* Oath, nor use the polite *French* word in his Conversation; and in fine, can't play at Hombre —— but speaks base

base good *English* with the commune homebred pronunciation, and in fine, to say no more, he ne'er carries a Snuff-box about with him.

Hipp. Indeed ——

Monsr. And yet this man has been abroad as much as any man, and does not make the least shew of it, but a little in his Meen, not at all in his discourse; he never talks so much as of St. *Peter's* Church, and *Rome*, the Escurial, or *Madrid*, nay not so much as of *Henry* IV. of *Pont-Neuf*, *Paris*, and the new *Louvre*, nor of the *Grand Roy*.

Hipp. 'Tis for his commendation, if he does not talk of his Travels.

Monsr. Auh, auh —— Cousine —— he is conscious himself of his wants, because he is very envious, for he cannot endure me ——

Hipp. He shall be my man then for that. [*Aside.*

Ay, ay, 'tis the same, *Prue.* No I know he can't endure you, Cousin ——

Monsr. How do you know it —— who never stir out. Tell no ——

Hipp. Well —— dear Cousin —— if you will promise me never to tell my Aunt, I'll tell you ——

Monsr. I won't, I won't, Jarnie ——

Hipp. Nor to be concern'd your self so as to make a quarrel of it.

Monsr. Non, non ——

Hipp. Upon the word of a Gentleman.

Monsr. Foy de Chevalier, I will not quarrel.

Prue. Lord, Miss! I wonder you won't believe him without more ado?

Hipp. Then he has the hatred of a Rival for you.

Monsr. Mal à peste

Hipp. You know my Chamber is backward, and has a door into the Gallery, which looks into the back-yard of a Tavern, whence Mr. *Goward* once spying me at the Window, has often since attempted to come in at that Window by the help of the Leads of a low Building adjoining, and indeed 'twas as much as my Maid and I cou'd do to keep him out ——

Monsr. Au le Coquin! ——

Hipp. But nothing is stronger than aversion; for I hate him perfectly, even as much as I love you ——

Prue. I believe so faith —— but what design have we now on foot? [*Aside.*

Hipp. This discovery is an Argument sure of my love to you ——

Monsr. Ay, ay; say no more, Cousin, I doubt not your amoure for me, because I doubt not your judgment. But what's to be done with this Fanfaron —— I know where he eats to night —— I'll go find him out ventre bleu ——

Hipp. Oh my dear Cousin, you will not make a quarrel of it? I thought what your promise wou'd come to!

Monsr. Wou'd you have a man of Honour ——

Hipp. Keep his promise?

Monsr. And lose his Mistress, that were not for my honour, may foy ——

Hipp. Cousin, though you do me the injury to think I cou'd be false —— do not do your self the injury to think any one cou'd be false to you —— will you be afraid of losing your Mistress; to shew such a fear to your Rival, were for his honour, and not for yours sure.

Monsr. Naz, Cousin, I'd have you know I was never afraid of losing my Mistress

ſtreſs in earneſt —— Let me ſee, the man can get my Miſtreſs from me, Jarnie —— but he that loves muſt ſeem a little jealous.

Hipp. Not to his Rival, thoſe that have Jealouſie, hide it from their Rivals.

Monſ. But there are ſome who ſay Jealouſy is no more to be hid than a Cough; but it ſhou'd never be diſcovered in me, if I had it, becauſe it is not *French*, it is not *French* at all —— ventrè —— bleu ——

Hipp. No, you ſhou'd rallly your Rival, and rather make a Jeſt of your Quarrel to him, and that I ſuppoſe is *French* too ——

Monſ. 'Tis ſo, 'tis ſo, Couſin, 'tis the veritable *French* Method; for your *Engliſh*, for want of Wit, drive every thing to a ſerious grum quarrel, and then wou'd make a Jeſt on't, when 'tis too late, when they can't laugh, Jarnie! ——

Hipp. Yes, yes, I wou'd have you rallly him ſoundly, do not ſpare him a jot —— but ſhall you ſee him to night?

Monſ. Ay, ay ——

Hipp. Yes! pray be ſure to ſee him for the Jeſt's ſake ——

Monſ. I will —— for I love a Jeſtè as well as any bel Eſprit of 'em all —— da.

Hipp. Ay, and rallly him ſoundly; be ſure you rallly him ſoundly, and tell him, juſt thus —— that the Lady he has ſo long courted, from the great Window of the *Ship*-Tavern, is to be your Wife to morrow, unleſs he come at his wonted hour of ſix in the morning to her Window to forbid the Banes; for 'tis the firſt and laſt time of asking: and if he come not, let him for ever hereafter ſtay away and hold his Tongue.

Monſ. Hah, ha ha, a vèr good Jeſtè, teſtè bleu.

Hipp. And if the Fool ſhou'd come again, I would tell him his own, I warrant you, Couſin; my Gentleman ſhou'd be ſatisfied for good and all, I'de ſecure him.

Monſ. Bòn, Bòn.

Pru. Well, well! young Miſtreſs, you were not at *Hackney*-School for nothing I ſee; nor taken away for nothing: a Woman may ſoon be too old, but is never too young to ſhift for her ſelf? [*Aſide.*

Monſ. Hah, ah, ah, Couſin, dòu art a merry Grigg —— ma foy —— I long to be with *Gerrard*, and I am the beſt at improving a Jeſtè —— I ſhall have ſuch divertiſement to night teſtè bleu.

Hipp. He'll deny, 'may be at firſt, that he ever courted any ſuch Lady.

Monſ. Nay, I am ſure he'll be aſham'd of it: I ſhall make him look ſo ſillily, teſtè nòn —— I long to find him out, adieu, adieu, la Couſinè.

Hipp. Shall you be ſure to find him?

Monſ. Indubitablement I'll ſearch the Town over, but I'll find him, hah, ha, ha —— [*Exit* Monſ. *and returns.*

But I'm afraid, Couſinè, if I ſhould tell him you are to be my Wife to morrow, he wou'd not come, now I am for having him come for the Jeſt's ſake —— ventrè ——

Hipp. So am I, Couſin, for having him come too for the Jeſt's ſake.

Monſ. Well, well! leave it to me! ha, ha, ha.

Enter Mrs. Caution.

Mrs. *Cau.* What's all this gigling here?

Monſ. Hay, do you tinke we'll tell you, no ſait, I warrant you teſtè nòn, ha, ha, ha———

Hipp. My Couſin is over-joy'd, I ſuppoſe, that my Father is to come to night.

Mrs. *Caut.* I am afraid he will not come to night——but you'll ſtay and ſee, Nephew.

Monſ. Non, non: I am to ſup at tother end of the Town to night——la, la, la——ra, ra, ra——— [*Ex.* Monſ. *ſinging.*

Mrs *Caut.* I wiſh the *French* Levity of this Young-man may agree with your Father's *Spaniſh* Gravity.

Hipp. Juſt as your crabbed old age and my youth agree.

Mrs. *Caut.* Well, Malapert! I know you hate me, becauſe I have been the Guardian of your Reputation. But your Husband may thank me one day.

Hipp. If he be not a Fool, he would rather be oblig'd to me for my vertue, than to you, ſince, at long run he muſt whether he will or no.

Mrs. *Caut.* So, ſo!———

Hipp. Nay, now I think on't; I'de have you to know the poor man, whoſoe'er he is, will have little cauſe to thank you.

Mrs. *Caut.* No———

Hipp. No; for I never lived ſo wicked a life, as I have done this twelve month, ſince I have not ſeen a man.

Mrs. *Caut.* How! how! If you have not ſeen a man, how cou'd you be wicked? how cou'd you do any ill?

Hipp. No, I have done no ill, but I have paid it with thinking.

Mrs. *Caut.* O that's no hurt; to think is no hurt; the ancient, grave, and godly cannot help thoughts.

Hipp. I warrant, you have had 'em your ſelf, Aunt.

Mrs. *Caut.* Yes, yes! when I cannot ſleep.

Hipp. Ha, ha———I believe it, but know I have had thoſe thoughs ſleeping and waking: for I have dream't of a man.

Mrs. *Caut.* No matter, no matter, ſo that it was but a dream, I have dream't my ſelf; for you muſt know Widows are mightily given to dream, inſomuch that a dream is waggiſhly call'd the Widows Comfort.

Hipp. But I did not only dream in——— [*Sighs.*

Mrs. *Caut.* How, how! did you more than dream! ſpeak, young Harlotry; confeſs, did you more than dream? how could you do more than dream in this houſe? ſpeak! confeſs.

Hipp. Well! I will then. Indeed, Aunt, I did not only dream, but I was pleaſed with my dream when I awak'd.

Mrs. *Caut.* Oh, is that all? nay, if a dream only will pleaſe you, you are a modeſt young Woman ſtill, but have a care of a Viſion.

Hipp. I; but to be delighted when we wake with a naughty dream, is a ſin, Aunt; and I am ſo very ſcrupulous, that I wou'd as ſoon conſent to a naughty man, as to a naughty dream.

Mrs. *Caut.* I do believe you.

Hipp. I am for going into the Throng of Temptations.

Mrs. *Caut.* There I believe you agen.

Hipp.

Hipp. And making my ſelf ſo familiar with them, that I wou'd not be concern'd for 'em a whit.

Mrs. *Caut.* There I do not believe you.

Hipp. And would take all the innocent liberty of the Town, to tattle to your men under a Vizard in the Play-houſes, and meet 'em at night in Maſquerade.

Mrs. *Caut.* There I do believe you again, I know you won'd be maſquerading; but worſe wou'd come on't, as it has done to others, who have been in a Maſquerade, and are now Virgins but in Maſquerade, and will not be their own Women agen as long as they live. The Children of this Age muſt be wiſe Children indeed, if they know their Fathers, ſince their Mothers themſelves cannot inform 'em! O the fatal Liberty of this maſquerading Age when I was a young Woman.

Hipp. Come, come, do not blaſpheme this maſquerading Age, like an ill-bred City-Dame, whoſe Husband is half broke by living in *Covent-Garden*, or who has been turn'd out of the *Temple* or *Lincolns-Inn* upon a maſquerading Night: by what I've heard 'tis a pleaſant-well-bred-complacent-free-frolick good-natur'd-pretty-Age; and if you do not like it, leave it to us that do.

Mrs. *Caut.* Lord! how impudently you talk, Niece, I'm ſure I remember when I was a Maid.

Hipp. Can you remember it, reverent Aunt?

Mrs. *Caut.* Yes, modeſt Niece, that a raw young thing though almoſt at Womans eſtate, that was then at 30 or 35 years of age, would not ſo much as have look'd upon a Man.

Hipp. Above her Fathers Butler or Coach-man.

Mrs. *Caut.* Still taking me up! well thou art a mad Girl, and ſo good night. We may go to Bed, for I ſuppoſe now your Father will not come to night.

[*Exit Mrs.* Caution.

Hip. I am ſorry for it, for I long to ſee him. But I lye; I had rather ſee *Gerrard* here, and yet I know not how I ſhall like him: if he has wit he will come, and if he has none he wou'd not be welcome. [*Aſide.*

[*Ex.* Hip. *and* Pru.

SCENE *changes to the* French-*Houſe*, *a Table*, *Bottles*, *and Candles.*

Enter Mr. Gerrard, Martin, *and* Monſieur de Parris.

Monſ. 'Tis ver veritable, Jarnie, what the *Franch* ſay of you *Engliſh*, you uſe the debauch ſo much, it cannot have with you the *French* operation, you are never enjoyeè; but come, let us for once be enfinement galliard, and ſing a *French* Sonnet, ſings *la bouteille*, *la bouteille*, *glou*, *glou*.

Mart. to Gerrard. What a melodious Fop it is?

Monſ. Auh—— you have no Complaiſance.

Ger. No, we can't ſing, but we'll drink to you the Ladies health, whom (you ſay) I have ſo long courted at her Window.

Monſ. Ay, there is your Complaiſance; all your *Engliſh* Complaiſance is pledging Complaiſance, ventrè — but if I do you reaſon here, will you do me reaſon to a little *French* Chanſon aboirè — I ſhall begin to you — *La bouteille, la bouteille* — *ſings.* [*Takes the Glaſs.*

Mart. to Gerrard. I had rather keep Company with a Set of wide-mouth'd drunken Cathedral Choriſters.

Ger. Come, Sir, drink, and he ſhall do you reaſon to your *French* Song ſince you ſtand upon't ſing him *Arthur* of *Bradely*, or, *I am the Duke of Norfolk.*

Monſ. Auh, Teſte bleu, an *Engliſh* Catch, fie, fie, ventre —

Ger. He can ſing no damn'd *French* Song.

Monſ. Nor can I drink the damn'd *Engliſh* Wine. [*Sets down the Glaſs.*

Ger. Yes, to that Ladies health, who has commanded me to wait upon her to morrow at her Window, which looks (you ſay) into the inward Yard of the *Ship*-Tavern, near the end of what dee call't ſtreet.

Monſ. Ay, ay, do you not know her, not you (vert & bleu.)

Ger. But 'pray repeat agen what ſhe ſaid.

Monſ. Why, ſhe ſaid, ſhe is to be marry'd to morrow to a perſon of Honour, a brave Gentleman, that ſhall be nameleſs, and ſo, and ſo forth (little does he think who 'tis.) [*Aſide.*

Ger. And what elſe?

Monſ. That if you make not your appearance before her Window to morrow at your wonted hour of ſix in the morning to forbid the Banes, you muſt for ever hereafter ſtay away and hold your tongue, for 'tis the firſt and laſt time of asking, ha, ha, ha!

Ger. 'Tis all a Riddle to me; I ſhould be unwilling to be fool'd by this Coxcomb. [*Aſide.*

Monſ. I won't tell him all ſhe ſaid, leſt he ſhou'd not go, I wou'd fain have him go for the Jeſt's ſake — ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Her name is, you ſay, *Hippolita* Daughter to a rich *Spaniſh* Merchant.

Monſ. Ay, ay, you don't know her, not you à d'autrè à d'autre ma foy — ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Well! I will be an eaſie Fool for once.

Mart. By all means go.

Monſ. Ay, ay, by all means go — hah, ha, ha,

Ger. To be caught in a Fools Trap — I'll venture it. [*Aſide.*
Come, 'tis her health. [*Drinks to him.*

Monſ. And to your good reception — teſte bleu — ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Well, Monſieur! I'll ſay this for thee, thou haſt made the beſt uſe of three months at *Paris* as ever *Engliſh* Squire did.

Monſ. Conſidering I was in a dam' *Engliſh* Pention too.

Mart. Yet you have convers'd with ſome *French*, I ſee; Foot-men I ſuppoſe at the Fencing-School, I judge it by your Oaths.

Monſ. *French* Foot-men! well, well, I had rather have the converſation of a *French* Footman than of an *Engliſh* Eſquire, there's for you da —

Mart. I beg your pardon, *Monſieur*: I did not think the *French* Foot-men had been ſo much your Friends.

Ger. Yes, yes, I warrant they have oblig'd him at *Paris* much more than any of

of their Maſters did. Well, there ſhall be no more ſaid againſt the *French* Foot-men.

Monſ. Non de Grace —— you are alway turning the Nation *Francez* into redicule, dat Nation ſo accomplie, dat Nation which you imitate, ſo, dat in the concluſion you butte turn your ſelf into redicule ma foy: if you are for de-raillery, abuſe the *Duch*, why not abuſe the *Duch?* les groſſe Villaines, Pandars, Inſolents; but here in your *England* may foy, you have more honeur, reſpecte, and eſtimation for the Duſhe Swabber, who come to cheat your Nation, den for de Franch-Foot-man, who come to oblige your Nation.

Mari. Our Nation! then you diſown it for yours, it ſeems.

Monſ. Well! wat of dat; are you the diſobligee by date?

Ger. No, Monſieur, far from it; you cou'd not oblige us, nor your Country any other way than by diſowning it.

Monſ. It is de Brutale Country, which abuſe de *France*, an' reverence de *Duſhe: I vill maintain, ſuſtain, and juſtifie dat one little Franch-Foot-man have more honeur, courage, and generoſity, more good blood in his vainee, an' muſh more good manners an' civility den all de State General togeder*, Jarnie —— dey are only wiſe and valiant wen dey are drunkee.

Ger. That is always.

Monſ. But dey are never honeſte wen dey are drunkee; dey are de only Rogue in de Varlde, who are not honeſte wen dey are drunk —— ma foy.

Ger. I find you are well acquainted with them, Monſieur.

Monſ. Ay, ay, I have made the toure of *Holland*, but it was en poſte, dere was no ſtaying for me, teſte non —— for de Gentleman can no more live dere den de Toad in *Ir'land*, ma foy; for I did not ſee on' Chevalier in de whole Cuntree: alway, *you know de Rebel hate de gens de quality*; beſides, *I had make ſufficient obſervation of the Canaile barbare de firſt nightee of my arrival at Amſterdamme. I aid viſit you muſt know one of de Principal of de Stat Gentral, to whom I had recommendation from England, and did find his Excellence weighing Sope*, Jarnie —— ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Weighing Sope!

Monſ. Weighing Sope, ma foy, for he was a whole Sale Chandeleer, and his Lady was taking the Tale of Chandels wid her own witer hands, ma foy, and de young Lady, his Excellence Daughters ſtringing Harring, ſtringing Harring, Jarnie ——

Ger. So —— h —— and what were his Sons doing?

Monſ. Auh —— his Son (for he had but one) was making de Toure of *France*, *Eſpaigne*, *Italy*, an' *Germany* in a Coach and ſix, or rader now I think on't, gone of an Embaſſy hider to dere Maſter *Cromwell*, whom they did love and fear, becauſe he was ſome-tinge de greater Rebel, bute now I talk of de Rebelle, none but de Rebel can love de Rebelle, and ſo muſh for you and your Friend the *Duſhe*, I'll ſay no more, and pray do you ſay no more of my Friend de *Franch*, not ſo muſh as of my Friend the *Franch*-Footman- da ——

Ger. No, no; but, Monſieur, now give me leave to admire thee, that in three months at *Paris* you could renounce your Language, Drinking and your Country (for which we are not angry with you) as I ſaid, and come home ſo perfect a *French*-man, that the Drey-men of your Fathers own Brew-houſe wou'd be ready to knock thee in the head.

Monſ.

Monſ. Vel, vel, my Father was a Merchant of his own Beer, as the Nobleſſe of *France* of their own Wine: but I can forgive you that Raillery, that Bob, ſince you ſay I have the Eyre *Francèz*. But have I the Eyre *Francèz?*

Ger. As much as any *French*-Footman of 'em all.

Monſ. And do I ſpeak agreeable ill *Englis'* enough?

Ger. Very ill.

Monſ. Veritablement!

Ger. Veritablement.

Monſ. For you muſt know, 'tis as ill breeding now to ſpeak good *Englis'*, as to write good *Englis'*, good ſenſe, or a good hand.

Ger. But indeed, methinks, you are not ſlovenly enough for a *French*-man.

Monſ. Slovenly! you mean negligent?

Ger. No, I mean ſlovenly.

Monſ. Then I will be more ſlovenly.

Ger. You know, to be a perfect *French*-man, you muſt never be ſilent, never ſit ſtill, and never be clean.

Mart. But you have forgot one main qualification of a true *French*-man, he ſhou'd never be ſound, that is, be very pockie too.

Monſ. Oh! if dat be all, I am very pockie; pockie enough Jarnie, that is the only *French* qualification may be had without going to *Paris*, mon foy.

Enter a Waiter.

Wait. Here are a couple of Ladies coming up to you, Sir.

Ger. To us! did you appoint any to come hither, *Martin?*

Mart. Not I.

Ger. Nor you, Monſieur!

Monſ. Nor I.

Ger. Sirrah, tell your Maſter, if he cannot protect us from the Conſtable, and theſe midnight-Courſers, 'tis not a Houſe for us.

Mart. Tell 'em you have no body in the houſe, and ſhut the doors.

Wait. They'll not be ſatisfi'd with that, they'll break open the door, they ſearch'd laſt night all over the Houſe for my Lord *Fisk*, and Sir *Jeffery Jantee*, who were fain to hide themſelves in the Bar under my Miſtreſſes Chair and Petticoats.

Monſ. Wat do the Women hunt out the men ſo now?

Mart. Ay, ay, things are alter'd ſince you went to *Paris*, there's hardly a young Man in Town dares be known of his Lodging for 'em.

Ger. Bailiffs, Purſevants, or a City-Conſtable are modeſt people in compariſon of them.

Mart. And we are not ſo much afraid to be taken up by the Watch, as by the taring midnight Ramblers, or Houza-Women.

Monſ. Jarnie —— ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Where are they? I hope they are gone agen?

Wait. No, Sir, they are below at the Stair-foot, only ſwearing at their Coach-man.

Ger. Come, you Rogue! they are in Fee with you Waiters, and no Gentleman can come hither, but they have the intelligence ſtraight.

Wait.

Wait. Intelligence from us, Sir, they shou'd never come here if we cou'd help it. I am sure we wish 'em choak'd when we see them come in; for they bring such good stomachs from St. *James's* Park, or rambling about in the streets, that we poor Waiters have not a bit left; 'tis well if we can keep our money in our Pockets for 'em; I am sure I have paid seventeen and six pence in half Crowns for Coach-hire at several times for a little damn'd taring Lady, and when I ask'd her for it agen one morning in her Chamber, she bid me pay my self, for she had no money: but I wanted the Courage of a Gentleman; besides the Lord that kept her, was a good Customer to our House, and my Friend, and I made a Conscience of wronging him.

Ger. A man of Honour!

Monsr. Vert and bleu, pleasènt, pleasènt, mon foy.

Ger. Go, go, Sirrah, shut the door, I hear 'em coming up.

Wait. Indeed, I dare not; they'll kick me down stairs, if I should.

Ger. Go you, Rascal, I say.

[*The* Waiter *shuts the door, 'tis thrust open agen, enter* Flounce *and* Flirte *in Vizards, striking the* Waiter, *and come up to the Table.*

Ger. *Flounce* and *Flirte* upon my life. [*Aside.*

Ladies, I am sorry you have no Volunteers in your Service; this is meer pressing, and argues a great necessity you have for men.

Floun. You need not be afraid, Sir, we will use no violence to you, you are not fit for our Service; we know you ——

Flirt. The hot Service you have been in formerly, makes you unfit for ours now; besides, you begin to be something too old for us, we are for the brisk Hoaza's of seventeen or eighteen.

Ger. Nay, 'faith, I am not too old yet, but an old acquaintance will make any man old; besides, to tell you the truth, you are come a little too early for me, for I am not drunk yet; but there are your brisk young men who are always drunk, and perhaps have the happiness not to know you.

Floun. The happiness not to know us!

Flirt. The happiness not to know us!

Ger. Be not angry, Ladies; 'tis rather happiness to have pleasure to come, than to have it past, and therefore these Gentlemen are happy in not knowing you.

Mart. I'de have you to know, I do know the Ladies too, and I will not lose the honour of the Ladies acquaintance for any thing.

Floun. Not for the pleasure of beginning an acquaintance with us, as Mr. *Gerrard* says: but it is the general vanity of you Town-Fops to lay claim to all good acquaintance and persons of Honour; you cannot let a Woman pass in the *Mall* at midnight, but dam you, you know her strait, you know her; but you wou'd be damn'd before you wou'd say so much for one in a Mercers Shop.

Ger. He has spoken it in a *French*-house, where he has very good credit, and I dare swear you may make him eat his words.

Monsr. Shee does want a Gown indeet: she is in her dishabiliee, this dishabiliee is a great Mode in *England*; the Women love the dishabiliee as well as the men, ma foy.

Flirt.

Flirt. Well: if we ſhould ſtay and ſup with you, I warrant you wou'd be bragging of it to morrow amongſt your Comrades that you had the Company of two Women of Quality at the *French*-houſe, and name us.

Mart. Pleaſant Jilts. [*Aſide.*

Ger. No upon our Honours, we ſhould not brag of your Company.

Floun. Upon your Honours?

Mart. No faith.

Floun. Come, we will venture to ſit down then: yet I know the vanity of you men; you cou'd not contain your ſelves from bragging.

Ger. No, no! you Women now adays have found out the pleaſure of bragging, and will allow it the men no longer.

Mart. Therefore indeed we dare not ſtay to ſup with you; for you wou'd be ſure to tell on't.

Ger. And we are young-men who ſtand upon our Reputations.

Floun. You are very pleaſant, Gentlemen.

Ger. And for my part I am to be marry'd ſhortly, and know 'twould quickly come to my miſtreſſes's ear.

Ger. And for my part I muſt go viſit to morrow morning be-times a new City-Miſtreſs, and you know they are as inquiſitive as preciſe in the City.

Flirt. Come, come! pray leave this fooling; ſit down agen, and let us beſpeak Supper.

Ger. No 'faith, I dare not.

Mart. Beſides, we have ſupp'd.

Floun. No matter, we only deſire you ſhou'd look on, while we eat, and put the glaſs about, or ſo. [Ger. *and* Mar. *offer to go out.*

Flirt. Pray, ſtay.

Ger. Upon my life I dare not.

Floun. Upon our Honours we will not tell, if you are in earneſt.

Ger. P'ſhaw, p'ſhaw—— I know the vanity of you Women, you cou'd not contain your ſelves from bragging.

Monſ. Ma foy! is it certain! ha, ha, ha! hark you, Madam! can't you fare well, but you muſt cry Roaſt-meat?

You'll ſpoil your Trade by bragging of your gains,
The ſilent Sow (Madam) does eat moſt Grains.

——da——

Flirt. Your Servant, Monſieur Fop.

Floun. Nay, faith, do not go, we will no more tell——

Monſ. Then you would of a Clapè, if you had it, dat's the only ſecret you can keep, Jarnie.

Mart. I am glad we are rid of theſe Jilts.

Ger. And we have taken a very ridiculous occaſion.

Monſ. Wat! muſt we leave the Lady then, dis is dam Civility *Englis'* mon foy.

Flirt. Nay, Sir, you have too much of the *French* Eyre to have ſo little honour and good breeding. [*Pulling him back.*

Monſ. Dee you tinkè ſo then, ſweet Madam, I have muſh of de *French* Eyre?

Flirt.

Flirt. More than any *French*-man breathing.

Monſ. Auh, you are the curtoiſe Dame, mort-bleu, I ſhall ſtay then, if you think ſo. Monſieur *Gerrard*, you will be certain to ſee the Lady to morrow, pray not forget, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. No, no, Sir.

Mart. You will go then?

Ger. I will go on a Fools Errand for once. [*Exeunt* Gerrard *and* Martin.

Floun. What will you eat, Sir?

Monſ. Wàt you pleaſe, Madamè.

Floun. Dè hear, Waiter, then ſome young Partridge.

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Flirt. Some Ruſſes.

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Floun. Some young Pheaſants.

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Flirt. Some young Rabits, I love Rabits.

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Floun. Stay ———

Monſ. Dis *Englis'* Waiter wit his wàt elſe, Madam, will ruine me, teſtè non. [*Aſide.*

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Monſ. Wàt elſe, Madam, agen! call up the *French* Waiter.

Wait. What elſe, Madam?

Monſ. Again, call up the *French* Waiter or Quefinièr, mortteſtè-ventrè, vitè, vitè———Auh, Madam, the ſtupidity of the *Englis'* Waiter, I hate the *Englis'* Waiter, mon foy. [*Ex. Waiter.*

Flirt. Be not in paſſion, dear Monſieur.

Monſ. I kiſs your hand obligeant, Madam.

Enter a French *Scullion.*

Cherè Pierot, Serviteur, Serviteur, [*Kiſſes the Scullion.*
or ca a manger.

Scull. En voulez vous de Cram Schiquin.

Floun. Yes.

Scull. De Partriſh, de Fayſan, de Quailles.

Monſ. This Bougre vil ruinè me too, but he ſpeak wit dàt bel Eyrè and gracè. I cannot bid him hold his tongue, ventre, c'eſt aſſey, Pierot, vat-èn.
[*Ex.* Scull. *and returns.*

Scull. And de litèl plate dè——

Monſ. Jarnie, vat-èn. [*Exit* Scull. *and returns.*

Scull. And de litèl plate dè——

Monſ. De grace go dy way. [*Exit.* Scull. *and returns.*

Scull. And de litèl dè——

Monſ. De Fourmage, de Brie, vat-èn, go, go.

Floun. What's that Cheeſe that ſtinks?

Monſ. Ay, ay, be ſure it ſtinkè extremèntè, Pierot vat-èn; but ſtay till I drink dy health, here's to dat pretty Fellow's health, Madam.

Flirt. Muſt we drink the Scullion's health?

Monſ. Auh, you will not be diſobligeant, Madam, he is the Quiſinier for a Cardinal or *French*-Abbot. [*Drinks.*

Floun. But how ſhall we divertiſe our ſelves till Supper be ready?

Flirt. Can we have better Divertiſement than this Gentleman?

Floun. But I think we had better carry the Gentleman home with us and becauſe it is already late, ſup at home, and divertiſe the Gentleman at Cards, till it be ready, dè hear, Waiter, let it be brought when 'tis ready to my Lodging hard by, in *Muſtard-Alley*, at the Sign of the *Crooked-Billet!*

Monſ. At the *Crooked-Billet!*

Flirt. Come, Sir, come.

Monſ. Mort-bleu, I have take the Vow (ſince my laſt Clap) never to go again to the Bourdel.

Floun What is the Bourdel?

Monſ. How call you the name of your Houſe?

Flirt. The *Crooked-Billet.*

Monſ. No, no, the— Bawdy-houſe, vert and bleu.

Floun. How, our Lodging! we'd have you know———

Monſ. Auh, mort-bleu, I wou'd not know it, de *Crooke-Billet*, hah, ha.

Flirt. Come, Sir.

Monſ. Beſides, if I go wit you to the Bourdel, you will tell, mort-bleu.

Floun. Fie, fie, come along.

Monſ. Beſide, I am to be marry'd within theſe two days, if you ſhou'd tell now.

Flirt. Come, come along, we will not tell.

Monſ. But will you promiſe then to have the care of my honour, pray, good Madam, have de care of my honeur, pray have de care of my honeur. Will you have care of my honeur? pray have de care of my honeur, and do not tell, if you can help it; pray, dear Madam, do not tell. [*Kneels to 'em.*

Flirt. I wou'd not tell for fear of loſing you, my Love for you will make me ſecret.

Monſ. Why, do you love me?

Flirt. Indeed I cannot help telling you now what my modeſty ought to conceal, but my eyes wou'd diſcloſe it too. I have a paſſion for you, Sir.

Monſ. A paſſion for me!

Flirt. An extreme paſſion, dear Sir, you are ſo *French*, ſo mightily *French*, ſo agreeable *French*; but I'll tell you more of my heart at home: come along.

Monſ. But is your patiòn ſincere?

Flirt. The trueſt in the World.

Monſ. Well then, I'll venture my body wit thee for one night.

Flirt. For one night, don't you believe that, and ſo you wou'd leave me to morrow; but I love you ſo, I cannot part with you, you muſt keep me for good and all, if you will have me. I can't leave you for my heart.

Monſ. How, keep, Jarniè, de Whore *Engliſ'* have notingè but keepè, keepè in derè mouths now a-days, teſtè nòn: formerly 'twas enough to keep de ſhild, ma foy.

Flirt. Nay, I will be kept elſe——but come we'll talk on't at home.

Monſ.

Monſ. Umh——ſo, ſo, ver vèl de Amourè of de Whore does alway end in keep, ha, keep, ma foy, keep, ha——

The Punck that entertains you wit' her paſſion,
Is like kind Hoſt who makes the Invitation,
At your own coſt, to his fort bon Collation. [Ex.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Don Diego's *Houſe in the Morning.*

Enter Don Diego *in the* Spaniſh *Habit*, *Mrs.* Caution *his Siſter.*

Don Dieg. HAve you had a *Spaniſh* care of the Honour of my Family, that is to ſay, have you kept up my Daughter cloſe in my abſence, as I directed.

Caut. I have, Sir; but it was as much as I cou'd do.

Don. I knew that; for 'twas as much as I cou'd do to keep up her Mother. I that have been in *Spain*, look you.

Caut. Nay, 'tis a hard task to keep up an *Engliſh* Woman.

Don. As hard as it is for thoſe who are not kept up to be honeſt, look you con *Licentia* Siſter.

Caut. How now, Brother! I am ſure my Husband never kept me up.

Don. I knew that, therefore I cryed con *Licentia* Siſter, as the *Spaniards* have it.

Caut. But you *Spaniards* are too cenſorious, Brother.

Don. You *Engliſh* Women, Siſter, give us too much cauſe (look you) but you are ſure my Daughter has not ſeen a man ſince my departure.

Caut. No, not ſo much as a Church-man.

Don. As a Church-man *(Voto)* I thank you for that, not a Church-man! not a Church-man!

Caut. No, not ſo much as a Church-man; but of any, one wou'd think one might truſt a Church-man.

Don. No, we are bold enough in truſting them with our Souls, I'll never truſt 'em with the body of my Daughter, look you, *Guarda*, you ſee what comes of truſting Church-men here in *England*, and 'tis becauſe the Women govern the Families, that Chaplains are ſo much in faſhion. Truſt a Church-man——truſt a Coward with your honour, a Fool with your ſecret, a Gamſter with your purſe, as ſoon as a Prieſt with your Wife or Daughter, look you, *Guarda*, I am no Fool, look you.

Caut. Nay, I know you are a wiſe man, Brother.

Don. Why, Siſter, I have been fifteen years in *Spain* for it, at ſeveral times, I know you: Now, in *Spain*, he is wiſe enough that is grave; politick enough, that ſays little; and honourable enough that is jealous; and though I ſay it, that ſhou'd not ſay it, I as as grave, grum, and jealous, as any *Spaniard* breathing.

Caut. I know you are, Brother.

Don. And I will be a *Spaniard* in every thing ſtill, and will not conform, not I, to their ill-favour'd *Engliſh* Cuſtoms, for I will wear my *Spaniſh* Habit ſtill, I will ſtroke my *Spaniſh* Whiskers ſtill, and I will eat my *Spaniſh* Olio ſtill; and my Daughter ſhall go a Maid to her Husbands Bed, let the *Engliſh* Cuſtom be what 'twill: I wou'd fain ſee any finical cunning, inſinuating Monſieur, of the age, debauch, or ſteal away my Daughter; but well, has ſhe ſeen my Couſin? How long has he been in *England?*

Caut. Theſe three days.

Don. And ſhe has ſeen him, has ſhe? I was contented he ſhou'd ſee her, intending him for her Husband: but ſhe has ſeen no body elſe upon your certain knowledge?

Caut. No, no, alas! how ſhou'd ſhe? 'tis impoſſible ſhe ſhou'd.

Don. Where is her Chamber? pray let me ſee her.

Caut. You'll find her, poor Creature, aſleep, I warrant you; or if awake, thinking no hurt, nor of your coming this morning.

Don. Let us go to her, I long to ſee her, poor innocent Wretch. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hippolita, Gerrard, *and* Prue *at a diſtance.*

Ger. Am I not come upon your own Summons, Madam? and yet receive me ſo?

Hipp. My Summons, Sir, no I aſſure you; and if you do not like your reception, I cannot help it; for I am not us'd to receive men, I'd have you to know.

Ger. She is beautiful beyond all things I ever ſaw. [*Aſide.*

Hipp. I like him extremely. [*Aſide.*

Ger. Come, faireſt, why do you frown?

Hipp. Becauſe I am angry.

Ger. I am come on purpoſe to pleaſe you then, do not receive me ſo unkindly.

Hipp. I tell you, I do not uſe to receive men; there has not been a man in the Houſe before, but my Couſin, this twelve-month, I'd have you to know.

Ger. Then you ought to bid me the more welcome, I'd have you to know.

Hipp. What do you mock me too? I know I am but a home-bred-ſimple Girl; but I thought you Gallants of the Town had been better bred, than to mock a poor Girl in her Fathers own Houſe. I have heard indeed 'tis a part of good breeding to mock people behind their backs, but not to their faces.

Ger. Pretty Creature! ſhe has not only the Beauty but the Innocency of an Angel. Mock you, dear Miſs! no, I only repeated the words, becauſe they were yours, ſweet Miſs, what we like we imitate. [*Aſide.*

Hipp. Dear Miſs! ſweet Miſs! how came you and I ſo well acquainted? This is one of your confident Tricks too, as I have been told, you'll be acquainted with a Woman in the time you can help her over a Bench in the Play-houſe, or to her Coach: but I need not wonder at your confidence, ſince you cou'd come in at the great Gallery-window juſt now. But pray who ſhall pay for the glaſs you have broken?

Ger. Pretty Creature! your Father might have made the Window bigger then, ſince he has ſo fine a Daughter, and will not allow people to come in at the door to her.

Hipp.

Hipp. A pleasant Man! well, 'tis harder playing the Hypocrite with him, I see, than with my Aunt or Father; and if dissimulation were not very natural to a Woman, I'm sure I cou'd not use it at this time; but the mask of simplicity and innocency is as useful to an intriguing Woman, as the mask of Religion to a States-man, they say. [*Aside.*

Ger. Why do you look away, dearest Miss?

Hipp. Because you quarrell'd with me just now for frowning upon you, and I cannot help it, if I look upon you.

Ger. O let me see that Face at any rate.

Hipp. Wou'd you have me frown upon you? for I shall be sure to do't.

Ger. Come, I'll stand fair: you have done your worst to my heart already.

Hipp. Now I dare not look upon him, lest I shou'd not be able to keep my word. [*Aside.*

Ger. Come, I am ready, and yet I am afraid of her frowns. [*Aside.* Come, look, Ih——am ready, Ih——am ready.

Hipp. But I am not ready. [*Aside.*

Ger. Turn, dear Miss, Come, Ih——am ready.

Hipp. Are you ready then, I'll look? [*Turns upon him.* No faith, I can't frown upon him, if I shou'd be hang'd. [*Aside.*

Ger. Dear Miss, I thank you, that look has no terrour in't.

Hipp. No, I cannot frown for my heart; for blushing, I don't use to look upon men, you must know.

Ger. If it were possible any thing cou'd, those blushes wou'd add to her Beauty: well, bashfulness is the only out-of-fashion-thing that is agreeable. [*Aside.*

Hipp. Ih—— h—— like this man strangely, I was going to say lov'd him. Courage then, *Hippolita*, make use of the only opportunity thou canst have to enfranchize thy self: Women formerly (they say) never knew how to make use of their time till it was past, but let it not be said so of a young Woman of this Age; my damn'd Aunt will be stirring presently: well then, courage, I say, *Hippolita*, thou art full fourteen years old, shift for thy self. [*Aside.*

Ger. So, I have look'd upon her so long, till I am grown bashful too; Love and Modesty come together like Money and Covetousness, and the more we have, the less we can shew it. I dare not look her in the face now, nor speak a word. [*Aside.*

Hipp. What, Sir, methinks you look away now.

Ger. Because you wou'd not look upon me, Miss.

Hipp. Nay, I hope you can't look me in the face, since you have done so rude a thing as to come in at the Window upon me; come, come, when once we Women find the men bashful, then we take heart; now I can look upon you as long as you will; let's see if you can frown upon me now!

Ger. Lovely Innocency! No, you may swear I can't frown upon you, Miss.

Hipp. So I knew you were asham'd of what you have done; well, since you are asham'd, and because you did not come of your own head, but were sent by my Cousin, you say.

Ger. Which I wonder at. [*Aside.*

Hipp. For all these reasons I do forgive you.

Ger. In token of your forgiveness then (dearest Miss), let me have the honour to kiss your hand.

Hipp.

Hipp. Nay, there 'tis you men are like our little Shock-dogs, if we don't keep you off from us, but uſe you a little kindly, you grow ſo fidling, and ſo troubleſome, there is no enduring you.

Ger. O dear Miſs, if I am like your Shock-dog, let it be in his Priviledges.

Hipp. Why, I'd have you know he does not lye with me.

Ger. 'Tis was well gueſs'd, Miſs, for one ſo innocent.

Hipp. No, I always kick him off from the Bed, and never will let him come near it; for of late indeed (I do not know what's the reaſon) I don't much care for my Shock-dog nor my Babies.

Ger. O then, Miſs, I may have hopes; for after the Shock-dog and the Babies, 'tis the mans turn to be belov'd.

Hipp. Why cou'd you be ſo good-natur'd as to come after my Shock-dog in my Love? it may be indeed, rather than after one of your Brother-men.

Ger. Hah, ha, ha —— poor Creature, a Wonder of Innocency.

Hipp. But I ſee you are humble, becauſe you wou'd kiſs my hand.

Ger. No, I am ambitious therefore.

Hip. Well, all this fooling but loſes time, I muſt make better uſe of it. [*Aſide.* I cou'd let you kiſs my hand, but then I'm afraid you wou'd take hold of me and carry me away.

Ger. Indeed I wou'd not.

Hipp. Come! I know you wou'd.

Ger. Truly I wou'd not.

Hipp. You wou'd, you wou'd, I know you wou'd.

Ger. I'll ſwear I wo' not — by——

Hipp. Nay, don't ſwear, for you'll be the apter to do it then, I wou'd not have him forſwear it neither; he does not like me ſure well enough to carry me away. [*Aſide.*

Ger. Dear Miſs, let me kiſs your hand.

Hipp. I am ſure you wou'd carry me away, if I ſhou'd.

Ger. Be not afraid of it.

Hipp. Nay! I am afraid of the contrary; either he diſlikes me, and therefore will not be troubled with me, or what is as bad, he loves me, and is dull, or fearful to diſpleaſe me. [*Aſide.*

Ger. Truſt me, ſweeteſt; I can uſe no violence to you.

Hipp. Nay, I am ſure you wou'd carry me away, what ſhou'd you come in at the Window for, if you did not mean to ſteal me?

Ger. If I ſhou'd endeavour it, you might cry out, and I ſhould be prevented.

Hip. Dull, dull man of the Town, are all like thee. [*Aſide.* He is as dull as a Country Squire at Queſtions and Commands. No, if I ſhou'd cry out never ſo loud; this is quite at the further end of the Houſe, and there no body cou'd hear me.

Ger. I will not give you the occaſion, Deareſt.

Hipp. Well! I will quicken thy ſenſe, if it be poſſible. [*Aſide.* Nay, I know you come to ſteal me away; becauſe I am an Heireſs, and have twelve hundred pound a year, lately left me by my Mothers Brother, which my Father cannot meddle with, and which is the chiefeſt reaſon (I ſuppoſe) why he keeps me up ſo cloſe.

Ger.

Ger. Ha! [*Aside.*

Hipp. So —— this has made him consider, O money, powerful money! how the ugly, old, crooked, straight, handsom young Women are beholding to thee?

Ger. Twelve hundred pound a year ——

Hipp. Besides, I have been told my Fortune, and the Woman said I shou'd be stoln away, because she says 'tis the Fate of Heiresses to be stoln away.

Ger. Twelve hundred pound a year —— [*Aside.*

Hipp. Nay more, she described the man to me, that was to do it, and he was as like you as cou'd be! have you any Brothers?

Ger. Not any! 'twas I, I warrant you, Sweetest.

Hipp. So he understands himself now.

Ger. Well, Madam, since 'twas foretold you, what do you think on't? 'tis in vain, you know, to resist Fate.

Hipp. I do know indeed they say, 'tis to no purpose: besides, the Woman that told me my Fortune, or you have bewitch'd me. Ih —— think. [*Sighs.*

Ger. My Soul, my Life, 'tis you have Charms powerful as numberless, especially those of your innocency irresistable, and do surprise the wary'st Heart; such mine was, while I cou'd call it mine, but now 'tis yours for ever.

Hip. Well, well, get you gone then, I'll keep it safe for your sake.

Ger. Nay, you must go with me, sweetest.

Hipp. Well, I see you will part with the Jewel; but you'll have the keeping of the Cabinet to which you commit it.

Ger. Come, come, my Dearest, let us be gone: Fortune as well as Women must be taken in the humour.

Enter Prue *running hastily to stop 'em,* Don Diego *and Mrs.* Caution *immediately after.*

Prue. O Miss, Miss! your Father, it seems, is just now arriv'd, and here is coming in upon you.

Hipp. My Father!

Don. My Daughter! and a Man!

Caut. A Man! a Man in the House!

Ger. Ha! —— what mean these! a *Spaniard.*

Hipp. What shall I do? stay —— nay, pray stir not from me; but lead me about, as if you lead me about, as if you lead me a Corant. [*Leads her about.*

Don. Is this your Government, Sister, and this your innocent Charge, that has not seen the face of a man this twelve-month, *En hora mala.*

Caut. O sure it is not a man, it cannot be a Man! [*Puts on her Spectacles.*

Don. It cannot be a Man! if he be not a Man he's a Devil; he has her lovingly by the hand too, *Valga me el Cielo.*

Hipp. Do not seem to mind them, but dance on, or lead me about still.

Ger. What de'e mean by't? [*apart to* Hipp.

Don. Hey! they are frolick, a dancing.

Caut. Indeed they are dancing, I think, why Niece.

Don. Nay, hold a little: I'll make 'em dance in the Devils name, but it shall not be. *La Gailliarda!* [*Draws his Sword,* Caution *holds him.*

Caut.

Caut. O Niece! why Niece!

Ger. Do you hear her? what do you mean? [*apart to* Hipp.

Hipp. Take no notice of them; but walk about ſtill, and ſing a little, ſing a Corant.

Ger. I can't ſing; but I'll hum, if you will.

Don. Are you ſo merry? Well, I'll be with you, *En hora mala.*

Caut. Oh Niece, Niece, why Niece, Oh——

Don. Why, Daughter, my dainty Daughter, my ſhame, my ruine, my plague. [*Struggling gets from* Caution, *goes towards 'em with his Sword drawn.*

Hipp. Mind him not, but dance and ſing on.

Ger. A pretty time to dance and ſing indeed, when I have a *Spaniard* with naked Toledo at my tail: no, pray excuſe me, Miſs, from fooling any longer.

Hipp. O my Father! my Father! poor Father! you are welcome, pray give me your bleſſing. [*Turning about.*

Don. My bleſſing, *En hora mala.*

Hipp. What, am I not your Daughter, Sir?

Don. My Daughter, *mi mal, mi muerte.*

Hipp. My name's *Hippolita*, Sir, I don't own your *Spaniſh* names; but pray, Father, why do you frighten one ſo! you know I don't love to ſee a Sword: what do you mean to do with that ugly thing out?

Don. I'll ſhew you, *Trayidor Ladron, demi boura*, thou dy'ſt. [*Runs at* Ger.

Ger. Not if I can help it, good *Don*; but by the names you give me, I find you miſtake your man, I ſuppoſe ſome *Spaniard* has affronted you. [*Draws.*

Don. None but thee, *Ladron*, and thou dy'ſt for't. [*Fight.*

Caut. Oh, oh, oh—— help, help, help.

Hipp. Oh —— what will you kill my poor Dancing-maſter? [*Kneels.*

Don. A Dancing-maſter, he's a Fencing-maſter rather, I think. But is he your Dancing-maſter? Umph——

Ger. So much Wit and Innocency were never together before. [*Aſide.*

Don. Is he a Dancing-maſter? [*Pauſing.*

Caut. Is he a Dancing-maſter? He does not look like a Dancing-maſter.

Hipp. Piſh —— you don't know a Dancing-maſter, you have not ſeen one theſe threeſcore years, I warrant.

Caut. No matter; but he does not look like a Dancing-maſter.

Don. Nay, nay, Dancing-maſters look like Gentlemen, enough, Siſter; but he's no Dancing-maſter by drawing his Sword ſo briskly: thoſe tripping outſides of Gentlemen are like Gentlemen enough in every thing but in drawing a Sword, and ſince he is a Gentleman, he ſhall dye by mine.

Hipp. Oh, hold, hold. [*Fight agen.*

Caut. Hold, hold! pray, Brother, let's talk with him a little firſt, I warrant you I ſhall trap him, and if he confeſſes, you may kill him; for thoſe that confeſs, they ſay, ought to be hang'd —— let's ſee ——

Ger. Poor *Hippolita*, I wiſh I had not had this occaſion of admiring thy Wit; I have increaſed my Love, whilſt I have loſt my hopes, the common Fate of poor Lovers. [*Aſide.*

Caut. Come, you are guilty by that hanging down of your head. Speak, are you a Dancing-maſter? Speak, ſpeak, a Dancing-maſter?

Ger.

Ger. Yes, forſooth, I am a Dancing-maſter, ay, ay ——

Don. How do's it appear?

Hipp. Why there is his Fiddle, there upon the Table, Father.

Caut. No buſie-body, but it is not —— that is my Nephews Fiddle.

Hipp. Why, he lent it to my Couſin; I tell you it is his.

Caut. Nay, it may be indeed, he might lend it him, for ought I know.

Don. I, I, but ask him, Siſter, if he be a Dancing-maſter, where?

Caut. Pray, Brother, let me alone with him, I know what to ask him, ſure!

Don. What will you be wiſer than I? nay, then ſtand away. Come, if you are a Dancing-maſter; where's your School? *adondè, adondè.*

Caut. Why, he'll ſay, may be he has ne'er a one.

Don. Who ask'd you, nimble Chaps? So you have put an Excuſe in his head.

Ger. Indeed, Sir, 'tis no Excuſe, I have no School.

Caut. Well! but who ſent you, how came you hither?

Ger. There I am puzl'd indeed. [*Aſide.*

Caut. How came you hither, I ſay? how ——

Ger. Why, how, how, how ſhou'd I come hither?

Don. Ay, how ſhou'd he come hither? upon his Legs.

Caut. So, ſo, now you have put an Excuſe in his head too, that you have, ſo you have, but ſtay ——

Don. Nay, with your favour, Miſtreſs, I'll ask him now.

Caut. I' facks; but you ſhan't, I'll ask him, and ask you no favour that I will.

Don. I' fackins; but you ſhan't ask him, if you go there to, look you, you Prattle-box you, I'll ask him.

Caut. I will ask him, I ſay, come.

Don. Where.

Caut. What.

Don. Mine's a ſhrewd queſtion.

Caut. Mine's as ſhrewd as yours.

Don. Nay then we ſhall have it, come, anſwer me, where's your Lodging? come, come, Sir.

Caut. A ſhrewd queſtion indeed, at the Surgeons Arms I warrant in —— for 'tis Spring-time, you know.

Don. Muſt you make lyes for him?

Caut. But come, Sir, what's your Name? anſwer me to that, come.

Don. His Name, why 'tis an eaſie matter to tell you a falſe Name, I hope.

Caut. So, muſt you teach him to cheat us?

Don. Why did you ſay my queſtions were not ſhrewd queſtions then?

Caut. And why wou'd you not let me ask him the queſtion then? Brother, Brother, ever while you live for all your *Spaniſh* wiſdom, let an old Woman make diſcoveries, the young Fellows cannot cheat us in any thing, I'd have you to know; ſet your old Woman ſtill to grope out an Intrigue, becauſe you know the Mother found her Daughter in the Oven: a word to the wiſe, Brother.

Don. Come, come, leave this tattling; he has diſhonour'd my Family, debauch'd my Daughter, and what if he cou'd excuſe himſelf? the *Spaniſh* Pro-

verb ſays, Excuſes neither ſatisfie Creditors nor the injur'd; the wounds of Honour muſt have blood and wounds, St. *Jago para mi.*

[*Kiſſes the Croſs of his Sword, and runs at* Gerrard.

Hipp. Oh hold! dear Father, and I'll confeſs all.

Ger. She will not, ſure, after all. [*Aſide.*

Hipp. My Couſin ſent him, becauſe, as he ſaid, he wou'd have me recover my Dancing a little before our Wedding, having made a Vow he won'd never marry a Wife who cou'd not dance a Corant. I am ſure I was unwilling, but he wou'd have him come, ſaying, I was to be his Wife, as ſoon as you came, and therefore expected obedience from me.

Don. Indeed the venture is moſt his, and the ſhame wou'd be moſt his; for I know here in *England* 'tis not the cuſtom for the Father to be much concern'd what the Daughter does, but I will be a *Spaniard* ſtill.

Hipp. Did not you hear him ſay laſt night he wou'd ſend me one this morning?

Caut. No not I ſure. If I had, he had never come here.

Hipp. Indeed, Aunt, you grow old, I ſee, your memory fails you very much. Did not you hear him, *Prue*, ſay he wou'd ſend him to me?

Prue. Yes I'll be ſworn did I.

Hipp. Look you there, Aunt.

Caut. I wonder I ſhould not remember it.

Don. Come, come, you are a doting old Fool.

Caut. So, ſo, the fault will be mine now. But pray, Miſtreſs, how did he come in: I am ſure I had the Keys of the Doors, which till your Father came in, were not open'd to day.

Hipp. He came in juſt after my Father, I ſuppoſe.

Caut. It might be indeed while the Porters brought in the things, and I was talking with you.

Don. O might he ſo, forſooth; you are a brave Governante; look you, you a *Duenna voto* —— and not know who comes in and out.

Caut. So, 'twas my fault, I know.

Don. Your Maid was in the Room with you! was ſhe not, Child?

Hipp. Yes indeed, and indeed, Father, all the while.

Don. Well, Child, I am ſatisfi'd then; but I hope he does not uſe the Dancing-maſters tricks of ſqueezing your hands, ſetting your Legs and Feet, by handling your Thighs, and ſeeing your Legs.

Hipp. No indeed, Father; I'd give him a Box on the Ear, if he ſhou'd.

Don. Poor Innocent! Well I am contented you ſhou'd learn to dance; ſince, for ought I know, you ſhall be marry'd to morrow, or the next day at fartheſt, by that time you may recover a Corant, a Sarabrand I wou'd ſay; and ſince your Couſin too will have a dancing Wife, it ſhall be ſo, and I'll ſee you dance my ſelf, you ſhall be my Charge theſe two days, and then I dare venture you in the hand of any Dancing-maſter, even a ſawcy *French* Dancing-maſter, look you.

Caut. Well, have a care though; for this man is not dreſs'd like a Dancing-maſter.

Don. Go, go, you dote, are they not (for the moſt part) better dreſs'd and prouder

prouder than many a good Gentleman? you wou'd be wiser than I, wou'd you? *Querno* ——

Cant. Well, I say only look to't, look to't.

Don. Hey, hey! come, Friend, to your bus'ness, teach her her Lesson over again, let's see.

Hipp. Come, Master.

Don. Come, come, let's see your *English* Method, I understand something of Dancing my self —— come.

Hipp. Come, Master.

Ger. I shall betray you yet, dearest Miss, for I know not a step, I cou'd never dance. [*apart to* Hipp.

Hipp. No!

Don. Come, come, Child.

Hipp. Indeed I'm asham'd, Father.

Don. You must not be asham'd, Child, you'll never dance well, if you are asham'd.

Hipp. Indeed I can't help it, Father.

Don. Come, come, I say, go to't.

Hipp. Indeed I can't, Father, before you; 'tis my first Lesson, and I shall do it so ill: pray, good Father, go into the next Room for this once, and the next time my Master comes, you shall see I shall be confident enough.

Don. Poor-foolish-innocent Creature; well, well, I will, Child, who but a *Spanish* kind of a Father cou'd have so innocent a Daughter, in *England*? well I wou'd fain see any one steal or debauch my Daughter from me.

Hipp. Nay, won't you go, Father!

Don. Yes, yes, I go, Child, we will all go but your Maid; you can dance before your Maid.

Hipp. Yes, yes, Father, a Maid at most times with her Mistress is no body. [*Ex.* Diego *and Mrs.* Caution.

Ger. He peeps yet at the door.

Hipp. Nay, Father, you peep, indeed you must not see me, when we have done you shall come in. [*She pulls the door to.*

Prn. Indeed, little Mistress, like the young Kitten, you see, you play'd with our prey, till you had almost lost it!

Hipp. 'Tis true, a good old Mouser like you, had taken it up, and run away with it presently.

Ger. Let me adore you, dearest Miss, and give you——. [*Going to embrace her.*

Hipp. No, no embracing good Master, that ought to be the last Lesson you are to teach me, I have heard.

Ger. Though an after-Game be the more tedious and dangerous, 'tis won, Miss, with the more honour and pleasure; for all that I repent we were put to't; the coming in of your Father as he did, was the most unlucky thing that ever befel me.

Hipp. What, then you think I would have gone with you.

Ger. Yes, and will go with me yet, I hope, courage, Miss, we have yet an opportunity, and the Gallery-window is yet open.

Hipp. No, no, if I went, I would go for good and all; but now my Father will soon come in again, and may quickly overtake us; besides, now I think on't, you are a Stranger to me. I know not where you live, nor whither you might carry me; for ought I know, you might be a Spirit, and carry me to *Barbadoes*.

Ger. No, dear Miss, I would carry you to Court, the Play-houses, and Hide-Park ——

Hipp. Nay, I know 'tis the trick of all you that spirit Women away to speak 'em mighty fair at first; but when you have got 'em in your Clutches, you carry 'em into *Yorkshire*, *Wales*, or *Cornwall*, which is as bad as to *Barbadoes*, and rather than be served so, I would be a Prisoner in *London* still as I am.

Ger. I see the Air of this Town without the pleasures of it, is enough to infect Women with an aversion for the Country. Well, Miss, since it seems you have some diffidence in me, give me leave to visit you as your Dancing-master, now you have honour'd me with the Character, and under that, I may have your Fathers permission to see you, till you may better know me and my heart, and have a better opportunity to reward it.

Hipp. I am afraid, to know your heart, would require a great deal of time, and my Father intends to marry me very suddenly to my Cousin who sent you hither.

Ger. Pray, sweet Miss, then let us make the better use of our time, if it be short: but how shall we do with that Cousin of yours in the mean time, we must needs charm him?

Hipp. Leave that to me!

Ger. But what's worse! how shall I be able to act a Dancing-master? who ever wanted inclination and patience to learn my self.

Hipp. A Dancing-School in half an hour will furnish you with terms of the Art Besides, Love (as I have heard say) supplies his Scholars with all sorts of Capacities they have need of in spight of Nature, but what has Love to do with you?

Ger. Love indeed has made a grave Gouty Statesman fight Duels; the Souldier fly from his Colours, a Pedant a fine Gentleman; nay, and the very Lawyer a Poet, and therefore may make me a Dancing-master.

Hipp. If he were your Master.

Ger. I'm sure, dearest Miss, there is nothing else which I cannot do for you already, and therefore may hope to succeed in that.

Enter Don Diego.

Don. Come, have you done?

Hipp. O! my Father agen.

Don. Come, now let us see you dance.

Hipp. Indeed I am not perfect yet, pray excuse me till the next time my Master comes: but when must he come agen Father?

Don. Let me see, Friend, you must needs come after Dinner agen, and then at night agen, and so three times to morrow too. If she be not marry'd to morrow (which I am to consider of) she will dance a Corant in twice or thrice teaching more, will she not? for 'tis but a twelve-month since she came from *Hackney*-School.

Ger.

Ger. We will loſe no time I warrant you, Sir, if ſhe be to be marry'd to morrow.

Don. Truly, I think ſhe may be marry'd to morrow, therefore I would not have you loſe any time, look you.

Ger. You need not caution me I warrant you, Sir, ſweet Scholar, your humble Servant, I will not fail you immediately after Dinner.

Don. No, no, pray do not, and I will not fail to ſatisfie you very well, look you.

Hipp. He does not doubt his reward, Father, for his pains. If you ſhou'd not, I wou'd make that good to him.

Don. Come, let us go in to your Aunt, I muſt talk with you both together, Child. [*Ex.* Ger. Don.

Hipp. I follow you, Sir.

Pru. Here's the Gentlewoman o' th' next Houſe come to ſee you, Miſtreſs.

Hipp. She's come, as if ſhe came expreſly to ſing the new Song ſhe ſung laſt night, I muſt hear it, for 'tis to my purpoſe now. [*Aſide.* Madam, your Servant, I dream't all night of the Song you ſung laſt; the new Song againſt delays in Love: pray let's hear it again.

SINGS.

1.

Since we poor ſlaviſh Women know
Our men we cannot pick and chooſe,
To him we like, why ſay we no?
And both our time and Lover loſe.

With feign'd repulſes and delays
A Lover's appetite we pall;
And if too long the Gallant ſtays,
His ſtomach's gone for good and all.

2.

Or our impatient am'rous Gueſt,
Unknown to us, away may ſteal,
And rather than ſtay for a Feaſt,
Take up with ſome coarſe, ready meal.

When opportunity is kind,
Let prudent Woman be ſo too;
And if the man be to your mind,
Till needs you muſt, ne'er let him go.

3.

The Match ſoon made is happy ſtill,
For only Love has there to do;
Let no one marry 'gainſt her will,
But ſtand off, when her Parents woo.

And only to their Suits be coy,
For she whom Joynture can obtain
To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
Is but a lawful Wench for gain.

Prue. Your Father calls for you, Miss. [*Steps to the door.*
Hipp. I come, I come. I must be obedient as long as I am with him. [*Pausing.*

Our Parents who restrain our liberty,
But take the course to make us sooner free,
Though all we gain be but new slavery;
We leave our Fathers, and to Husbands fly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Don Diego's *House.*

Enter Monsieur, Hippolita, *and* Prue.

Mons. SErviteur, Serviteur, la Cousin, your Maid told me she watch'd at the stair-foot for my coming, because you had a mind to speak wit me before I saw your Fader, it seem.

Hipp. I wou'd so indeed, Cousin.

Mons. Or ca, Or ca, I know your affair, it is to tell me wat recreation you ade with Monsieur *Gerrard*; but did he come, I was afrait he wou'd not come.

Hipp. Yes, yes, he did come.

Mons. Ha, ha, ha—— and were you not infiniment divertisee and please, confess.

Hipp. I was indeed, Cousin, I was very well pleas'd.

Mons. I do tinke so. I did tinke to come and be divertisee my self this morning with the sight of his reception; but I did ran'counter last night wit dam Company dat keep me up so late I cou'd not rise in de morning. Mala-peste de Puteins——

Hipp. Indeed we wanted you here mightily, Cousin.

Mons. To elpe you to laugh; for if I adde been here, I had made such recreation wid dat Coxcomb *Gerrard.*

Hipp. Indeed, Cousin! you need not have any subject or property to make one laugh, you are so pleasant your self, and when you are but alone, you wou'd make one burst.

Mons. Am I so happy, Cousin? then in the bon quality of making people laugh.

Hipp. Mighty happy, Cousin.

Mons. De grace.

Hipp. Indeed!

Mons.

Monſ. Nay, ſans vanitiè I obſerve whereſoe'er I come I make every body merry, ſans vanitiè —— da ——

Hipp. I do believe you do.

Monſ. Nay, as I marchè in de ſtreet I can make de dull Apprenty laugh and ſneer.

Hipp. This Fool, I ſee, is as apt as an ill Poet to miſtake the contempt and ſcorn of people for applauſe and admiration. [*Aſide.*

Monſ Ah, Couſin, you ſee wat it is to have been in *France*; before I went into *France* I cou'd get no body to laugh at me, ma foy.

Hipp. No! truly Couſin, I think you deſerv'd it before, but you are improv'd indeed by going into *France*.

Monſ. Ay, ay, the *French* Education make us propre à tout; beſide, Couſin, you muſt know to play the Fool is the Science in *France*, and I diddè go to the *Italian* Academy at *Paris* thrice a week to learn to play de Fool of Signior *Scaramouchè*, who is the moſt excellent Perſonage in the World for dat Noble Science. *Angel* is a dam *Engliſh* Fool to him.

Hipp. Methinks now *Angel* is a very good Fool.

Monſ. Nauh, nauh, *Nokes* is a better Fool, but indeed the *Engliſh* are not fit to be Fools; here are vèr few good Fools. 'Tis true, you have many a young Cavalier, who go over into *France* to learn to be the Buffoon; but for all dat, dey return but mauvais Buffoon. Jarniè.

Hipp. I'm ſure, Couſin, you have loſt no time there.

Monſ. Auh lè bravè *Scaramouchè*.

Hipp. But is it a Science in *France*, Couſin? and is there an Academy for Fooling: ſure none go to it but Players.

Monſ. Dey are Comedians dat are de Matrès, but all the beaux monde go to learn, as they do here of *Angel* and *Nokes*; for if you did go abroad into Company, you wou'd find the beſt almoſt of de Nation conning in all places the Leſſons which dey have learnt of the Fools, dere Matrès, *Nokes* and *Angel*.

Hipp. Indeed!

Monſ. Yes, yes, dey are the Gens de quality that practiſe dat Science moſt, and the moſt ambitieux; for Fools and Buffoons have been always moſt welcome to Courts, and deſir'd in all Compunies. Auh to be de Fool, de Buffoon, is to be de greatè Perſonagè.

Hipp. Fools have Fortune, they ſay indeed.

Monſ. So ſay old *Seneqùe*.

Hipp. Well, Couſin (not to make you proud) you are the greateſt Fool in *England*, I am ſure.

Monſ. Non, non, de gracè, non, *Nokes* dè Comedian is a pretty man, a pretty man for a Comedian, da ——

Hipp. You are modeſt, Couſin; but leaſt my Father ſhou'd come in preſently (which he will do as ſoon as he knows you are here) I muſt give you a Caution, which 'tis fit you ſhou'd have before you ſee him.

Monſ. Vel, vèl, Couſin, vat is dat?

Hipp. You muſt know then (as commonly the concluſion of all mirth is ſad) after I had a good while pleas'd my ſelf in jeſting and leading the poor Gentleman you ſent into a Fools Paradiſe, and almoſt made him believe I wou'd go away

away with him, my Father coming home this morning, came in upon us, and caught him with me.

Monſ. Mala-peſte.

Hipp. And drew his Sword upon him, and wou'd have kill'd him; for you know my Father's *Spaniſh* fierceneſs and jealouſie.

Monſ. But, how did he come off then? teſtè nòn.

Hipp. In ſhort, I was fain to bring him off by ſaying he was my Dancing-maſter.

Monſ. Hah, ha, ha, vèr good Jeſtè.

Hipp. I was unwilling to have the poor man kill'd you know for our fooliſh Frolick with him; but then upon my Aunts and Fathers inquiry, how he came in, and who ſent him; I was forc'd to ſay you did, deſiring I ſhou'd be able to dance a Corant before our Wedding.

Monſ. A vèr good Jeſt — da — ſtill bettrè as bettrè.

Hipp. Now all that I am to deſirè of you, is to own you ſent him, that I may not be caught in a lye.

Monſ. Yes, yes, a vèr good Jeſt, *Gerrard*, a Maſtrè de Dance, hah, ha, ha.

Hipp. Nay, the Jeſt is like to be better yet; for my Father himſelf has oblig'd him now to come and teach me: So that now he muſt take the Dancing-maſter upon him, and come three or four times to me before our Wedding, leſt my Father, if he ſhou'd come no more, ſhou'd be ſuſpicious I had told him a lye: and (for ought I know) if he ſhou'd know or but gueſs he were not a Dancing-maſter, in his *Spaniſh* ſtrictneſs and Punctilioes of Honour he might kill me as the ſhame and ſtain of his Honour and Family, which he talks of ſo much. Now you know the jealous cruel Fathers in *Spain* ſerve their poor innocent Daughters often ſo, and he is more than a *Spaniard*.

Monſ. Non, non, fear noting, I warrant you he ſhall come as often as you will to the Houſe, and your Father ſhall never know who he is till we are marry'd; but then I'll tell him all for the Jeſts ſake.

Hipp. But will you keep my Counſel, dear Couſin, till we are marry'd?

Monſ. Poor, dear Fool, I warrant thee, mon foy.

Hipp. Nay, what a Fool am I indeed, for you wou'd not have me kill'd: you love me too well ſure, to be an inſtrument of my death;

[*Enter* Don Diego *walking gravely, a little Black behind him.* *Mrs.* Caution.]

But here comes my Father, remember.

Monſ. I would no more tell him of it, than I would tell you if I had been with a Wench, Jarnie — ſhe's afraid to be kill'd, poor Wretch, and he's a capricious jealous Fop enough to do't, but here he comes. [*Aſide.*

I'll keep thy Counſel I warrant thee, my dear Soul, mon petit Cœur.

Hipp. Peace, peace, my Father's coming this way.

Monſ. I, but by his march he won't be near enough to hear us this half hour, hâh, ha, ha.

[Don Diego *walks leiſurely round the* Monſieur, *ſurveying him, and ſhrugging up his ſhoulders whilſt* Monſieur *makes Legs and Faces.* [*Aſide.*

Don. Is that thing my Couſin, Siſter?

Cant. 'Tis he, Sir.

Don.

Don. Couſin, I am ſorry to ſee you.

Monſ. Is that a *Spaniſh* Complement?

Don. So much diſguis'd, Couſin. [*Aſide.*

Monſ. Oh! is it out at laſt, ventrè? Serviteur, Serviteur, à Monſeur mon Oncle, and I am glad to ſee you here within doors, moſt *Spaniſh* Oncle, ha, ha, ha. But I ſhould be ſorry to ſee you in the ſtreets, teſte non.

Don. Why ſoh —— would you be aſham'd of me, hah —— (voto a St. *Jago*) wou'd you? hauh ——

Monſ. I it may be you wou'd be aſham'd your ſelf, Monſeur mon Oncle, of the great Train you wou'd get to wait upon your *Spaniſh* Hoſe, puh —— the Boys wou'd follow you, and hoot at you (vert and bleu) pardonè my *Franch* Franchiſe, Monſieur mon Oncle.

Hipp. We ſhall have ſport anon, betwixt theſe two Contraries. [*apart to* Prue.

Don. Do'ſt thou call me Monſeur (voto a St. *Jago*)

Monſ. No, I did not call you Monſeur voto a St. *Jago*, Sir, I know you are my Uncle Mr. *James Formal* —— da ——

Don. But I can hardly know you are my Couſin, Mr. *Nathaniel Paris*; but call me Sir *Don Diego* henceforward, look you, and no Monſieur, call me Monſieur *Guarda.*

Monſ. I confeſs my errour, Sir; for none but a blind man wou'd call you Monſieur, ha, ha, ha — But pray do not call me neder *Paris*, but de *Paris*, de *Paris* (ſi vou plai'ſt) Monſeur de *Paris!* Call me Monſeur and welcome, da ——

Don. Monſieur de *Pantaloons* then voto ——

Monſ. Monſieur de *Pantalloons!* a pretty name, a pretty name, ma foy, da —— beſn trove de *Pantalloons*; how much betrè dèn your de la *Fountaines*, de la *Rivieres*, de la *Roches*, and all the *De's* in *France* —— da —— well; but have you not the admiration for my *Pantaloon*, *Don Diego* mon Oncle?

Don. I am aſtoniſh'd at them verde deramentè, they are wonderfully ridiculous.

Monſ. Redicule, redicule! ah —— 'tis well you are my Uncle, da —— Redicule, ah —— is dere any ting in de Univerſe ſo jenti as de *Pantalloons*? any ting ſo raviſaunt as de *Pantalloons?* Auh —— I cou'd kneel down and varſhip a pair of jenti *Pantalloons?* vat, vat, you won'd have me have de admiration for dis outward skin of your Thigh, which you call *Spaniſh* Hoſe, ſie, ſie, ſie —— ha, ha, ha.

Don. Do'ſt thou deride my *Spaniſh* Hoſe? young Man, hauh.

Monſ. In compariſon of *Pantaloon* I do undervalue 'em indeet, *Don Diegue* mon Oncle, ha, ha, ha.

Don. Thou art then a gavanbo de malo guſto, look you.

Monſ. You may call me vat you vill, Oncle *Don Diegue*; but I muſt needs ſay, your *Spaniſh* Hoſe are ſcurvy Hoſe, ugly Hoſe, louſie Hoſe, and ſtinking Hoſe.

Don. Do not provoke me, *Boracho.* [*Puts his hand to his Sword.*

Monſ. Indeet for louſie I recant dat Epithete, for dere is ſcarce room in 'em for dat little Animal, ha, ha, ha. But for ſtinking Hoſe, dat Epithete may ſtand; for how can dey chuſe but ſtink, ſince dey are ſo furieuſmente cloſe to your Tail, da!

Hipp. Ha, ha, ridiculous. [*Aside.*

Don. Do not provoke me, I ſay, En hora mala. [*Seems to draw.*

Monſ. Nay, Oncle, I am ſorry you are in de pation; but I muſt live and dye for de *Pantalloon* againſt de *Spaniſh* Hoſe, da.

Don. You are a raſh young Man, and while you wear Pantalloons, you are beneath my paſſion, voto —— Auh —— they make thee look and waddle (with all thoſe gew-gaw Ribbons) like a great old Fat, ſlovenly Water-dog.

Monſ. And your *Spaniſh* Hoſe, and your Noſe in the Air, make you look like a great griſled-long-*Iriſh*-Grey-hound, reaching a Cruſt off from a high Shelf, ha, ha, ha.

Don. Bueno, Bueno.

Mrs. Cant. What have you a mind to ruine your ſelf, and break off the Match?

Monſ. Pſhaw —— wat do you telle me of the Matche? dee tinke I will not vindicate Pantalloons, Morbleu?

Don. Well! he is a loſt young Man, I ſee, and deſperately far gone in the Epidemick Malady of our Nation, the affectation of the worſt of *French* Vanities: but I muſt be wiſer than him, as I am a *Spaniard* look you *Don Diego*, and endeavour to reclaim him by Art and fair means (look you, *Don Diego*) if not, he ſhall never marry my Daughter look you, *Don Diego*, though he be my own Siſter's Son, and has two thouſand five hundred ſeventy three pound Starling twelve ſhillings and two pence a year Penny-rent, Segouaramente. [*Aside.* Come, Young-man, ſince you are ſo obſtinate, we will refer our difference to Arbitration, your Miſtreſs my Daughter ſhall be Umpire betwixt us, concerning *Spaniſh* Hoſe and Pantalloons.

Monſ. Pantalloons and *Spaniſh* Hoſe (ſi vous plaiſt.)

Don. Your Miſtreſs is the fitteſt Judge of your Dreſs, ſure?

Monſ. I know ver vel, dat moſt of the Jeuneſſe of *England* will not change the Ribband upon de Grevat widout the conſultation of dere Matreſs, but I am no *Anglois* da —— nor ſhall I make de reference of my Dreſs to any in the Univerſe, da —— I judg'd by any in *England*, teſte non. I wou'd not be judg'd by an *Engliſh* Looking-glaſs, Jarnie.

Don. Be not poſitive, Young-man.

Mrs. Cant. Nay, pray refer it, Couſin, pray do.

Monſ. Non, non, your Servant, your Servant, Aunt.

Don. But pray be not ſo poſitive, come hither, Daughter, tell me which is beſt.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, you have kept me in univerſal ignorance, I know nothing.

Monſ. And do you tink I ſhall refer an Affair of dat conſequence to a poor young ting who have not ſee the Varld, da, I am wiſer than ſo voto?

Don. Well, in ſhort, if you will not be wiſer, and leave off your *French* Dreſs, Stammering, and Tricks, look you, you ſhall be a Fool and go without my Daughter, voto.

Monſ. How, muſt I leave off my Janti *French* Accouſtrements, and ſpeak bafe *Engliſh* too, or not marry my Couſin? mon Oncle *Don Diego*, Do not break off the Match, do not; for know I will not leave off my Pantalloon and *French* Pronuntiation for ne'er a Couſin in *England*'s, da.

Don.

Don. I tell you again, he that marry's my Daughter shall at least look like a wise Man, for he shall wear the *Spanish* Habit, I am a *Spanish* Positivo.

Monsr. Ver vèl, ver vèl! and I am a *French* Positivo.

Don. Then I am Definitivo; and if you do not go immediately into your Chamber, and put on a *Spanish* Habit, I have brought over on purpose for your Wedding Cloaths, and put off all these *French* Fopperies and Vanidades, with all your Grimaces, Agreeables, Adorables, ma Foys, and Jernies. I swear you shall never marry my Daughter (and by an Oath by *Spaniard* never broken) by my Whiskers and Snuff-box.

Monsr. O hold, do not swear, Uncle, for I love your Daughter furieusment.

Don. If you love her, you'll obey me.

Monsr. Auh, wat vil become of me! but have the consideration, must I leave off all the *French* Beautes, Graces, and Embellisements, bote of my Person and Language. [*Exeunt* Hipp. *Mrs.* Caution, *and* Prue *laughing*.

Don. I will have it so.

Monsr. I am ruinne den undonne, have some consideration for me, for dere is not the least Ribbon of my Garniture, but is as dear to me as your Daughter, Jernie ——

Don. Then you do not deserve her, and for that reason I will be satisfi'd you love her better, or you shall not have her, for I am positivo.

Monsr. Vil you breake mine Arte! pray have de consideration for me.

Don. I say agen, you shall be dress'd before night from Top to Toe in the *Spanish* Habit, or you shall never marry my Daughter, look you.

Monsr. If you will not have de consideration for me, have de consideration for your Daughter; for she have de passionate Amour for me, and like me in dis Habite betre den in yours, da ——

Don. What I have said I have said, and I am uno Positivo.

Monsr. Will you not so mush as allow me one little *French* Oate?

Don. No, you shall look like a *Spaniard*, but speak and swear like an *English* man, look you.

Monsr. Helas, helas, den I shall take my leave, mort, teste, ventre, Jernie, teste-bleu, ventre-bleu, ma foy, certes.

Don. Pedro, Sanchez, wait upon this Cavaliero into his Chamber with those things I ordered you to take out of the Trunks, I wou'd have you a little accustomed to your Cloaths before your Wedding; for if you comply with me, you shall marry my Daughter to morrow, look you. [*Calls at the door.*

Monsr. Adieu then, dear Pantaloon! dear Belte! dear Sword! dear Perruque! and dear Chappeaux, Retrousee, and dear Shoe, Jernie; adieu, adieu, adieu, helas, helas, helas, will you have yet no pity.

Don. I am a *Spanish* Positivo, look you.

Monsr. And more cruel than de *Spanish* Inquisitiono, to compel a Man to a Habit against his Conscience, helas, helas, helas. [*Exit* Monsieur.

Enter Prue *and* Gerrard.

Prue. Here is the Dancing-master, shall I call my Mistress, Sir? [*Exit* Prue.

Don. Yes. O you are as punctual as a *Spaniard*: I love your punctual Men, nay, I think 'tis before your time something.

Ger. Nay, I am resolv'd your Daughter, Sir, shall lose no time by my fault.

Don. So, so, 'tis well.

Ger. I were a very unworthy Man, if I should not be punctual with her, Sir.

Don. You speak honestly, very honestly, Friend; and I believe a very honest man, though a Dancing-master.

Ger. I am very glad you think me so, Sir.

Don. What you are but a Young-man, are you marry'd yet?

Ger. No, Sir, but I hope I shall, Sir, very suddenly, if things hit right.

Don. What the old Folks her Friends are wary, and cannot agree with you so soon as the Daughter can?

Ger. Yes, Sir, the Father hinders it a little at present; but the Daughter I hope is resolv'd, and then we shall do well enough.

Don. What! you do not steal her, according to the laudable Custom of some of your Brother-Dancing-masters?

Ger. No, no, Sir, steal her, Sir, steal her, you are pleas'd to be merry, Sir, ha, ha, ha. I cannot but laugh at that question. [*Aside.*

Don. No, Sir, methinks you are pleas'd to be merry; but you say the Father does not consent.

Ger. Not yet, Sir; but 'twill be no matter whether he does or no.

Don. Was she one of your Scholars? if she were, 'tis a hundred to ten but you steal her.

Ger. I shall not be able to hold laughing. [*Aside, laughs.*

Don. Nay, nay, I find by your laughing you steal her, she was your Scholar, was she not?

Ger Yes, Sir, she was the first I ever had, and may be the last too; for she has a Fortune (if I can get her) will keep me from teaching to dance any more.

Don. So, so, then she is your Scholar still it seems, and she has a good Portion, I am glad on't, nay, I knew you stole her.

Ger. My laughing may give him suspicions, yet I cannot hold. [*Aside.*

Don. What, you laugh I warrant to think how the young Baggage and you will mump the poor old Father; but if all her dependance for a Fortune be upon the Father, he may chance to mump you both, and spoil the Jest.

Ger. I hope it will not be in his power, Sir, ha, ha, ha. I shall laugh too much anon. [*Aside.*
Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to call for your Daughter, I am impatient till she comes; for time was never more precious with me and with her too, it ought to be so, sure, since you say she is to be marry'd to morrow.

Don. She ought to bestir her, as you say indeed, wuh, Daughter, Daughter, *Prue, Hippolita:* Come away, Child, why do you stay so long? [*Calls at the door.*

Enter Hippolita, Prue, *and* Caution.

Hipp. Your Servant, Master! indeed I am asham'd you have stay'd for me.

Ger O good Madam, 'tis my Duty, I know you came as soon as you cou'd.

Hipp. I knew my Father was with you, therefore I did not make altogether so much haste as I might; but if you had been alone, nothing shou'd have kept me from you, I wou'd not have been so rude as to have made you stay a minute for me, I warrant you.

Don.

Don. Come, fidle, faddle, what a deal of Ceremony there is betwixt your Dancing-master and you, Querno ——

Hipp. Lord, Sir, I hope you'll allow me to shew my respect to my Master, for I have a great respect for my Master.

Ger. And I am very proud of my Scholar, and am a very great Honourer of my Scholar.

Don. Come, come, Friend, about your bus'ness, and honour the King. Your Dancing-masters and Barbers are such finical smooth-tongu'd, tatling Fellows, and if you set 'em once a talking, they'll ne'er a done, no more than when you set 'em a fidling: indeed all that deal with Fiddles are given to impertinency.

[*To Mrs.* Caution.

Caut. Well! well! this is an impertinent Fellow, without being a Dancing-master: he's no more a Dancing-master than I am a Maid.

Don. What! will you still be wiser than I? voto. Come, come about with my Daughter, Man.

Prue. So he wou'd, I warrant you, if your Worship wou'd let him alone.

Don. How now Mrs. Nimble-Chaps?

Ger. Well, though I have got a little Canting at the Dancing-School since I was here, yet I do all so bunglingly, he'll discover me. [*Aside to* Hipp.

Hipp. Try, come take my hand, Master.

Caut. Look you, Brother, the impudent Harletry gives him her hand.

Don. Can he dance with her without holding her by the hand?

Hipp. Here, take my hand, Master.

Ger. I wish it were for good and all. [*Aside to her.*

Hipp. You Dancing-masters are always so hasty, so nimble.

Don. Voto a'St. *Jago*, not that I can see, about, about with her, Man.

Ger. Indeed, Sir, I cannot about with her as I wou'd do, unless you will please to go out a little, Sir; for I see she is bashful still before you, Sir.

Don. Hey, hey, more fooling yet, come, come, about with her.

Hipp. Nay, indeed, Father, I am asham'd and cannot help it.

Don. But you shall help it, for I will not stir: move her, I say begin Hussie, move when he'll have you.

Prue. I cannot but laugh at that, ha, ha, ha, [*Aside.*

Ger. Come then, Madam, since it must be so let us try, but I shall discover all, One, two, and Coupee. [*Apart to* Hipp.

Caut. Nay de' see how he squeezes her hand, Brother, O the lewd Villain!

Don. Come, move, I say, and mind her not.

Ger. One, two, three, four, and turn round.

Caut. De' see again he took her by the bare Arm.

Don. Come, move on, she's mad.

Ger. One, two, and a Coupee.

Don. Come, one, two, turn out your Toes.

Caut. There, there, he pinch'd her by the Thigh, will you suffer it?

Ger. One, two, three, and fall back.

Don. Fall back, fall back, b..k, some of you are forward enough to fall back.

Ger. Back, Madam.

Don. Fall back when he bids you, Hussie.

Caut.

Caut. How! how! fall back, fall back, marry, but she shall not fall back when he bids her.

Don. I say she shall, Huswife, come.

Ger. She will, she will, I warrant you, Sir, if you won' be angry with her.

Caut. Do you know what he means by that now, you a *Spaniard?*

Don. How's that, I not a *Spaniard?* say such a word again.

Ger. Come forward, Madam, three steps agen.

Caut. See, see, she squeezes his hand now, O the debauch'd Harletry!

Don. So, so, mind her not, she moves forward pretty well; but you must move as well backward as forward, or you'll never do any thing to purpose.

Caut. Do you know what you say, Brother, your self now? are you at your beastliness before your young Daughter?

Pru. Ha, ha, ha.

Don. How now, Mistress, are you so merry? is this your staid Maid as you call her, Sister impertinent?

Ger. I have not much to say to you, Miss; but I shall not have an opportunity to do it, unless we can get your Father out. [*Aside to* Hip.

Don. Come about agen with her.

Caut. Look you, there she squeezes his hand hard again.

Hipp. Indeed and indeed, Father, my Aunt puts me quite out, I cannot dance while she looks on for my heart, she makes me asham'd and afraid together.

Ger. Indeed if you wou'd please to take her out, Sir, I am sure I shou'd make my Scholar do better, than when you are present, Sir, pray, Sir, be pleased for this time to take her away; for the next time I hope I shall order it so, we shall trouble neither of you.

Caut. No, no, Brother, stir not, they have a mind to be left alone. Come, there's a beastly Trick in't: he's no Dancing-master I tell you.

Ger. Damn'd Jade, she'll discover us. [*Aside to* Hipp.

Don. What will you teach me? nay then I will go out, and you shall go out too, look you.

Caut. I will not go out, look you.

Don. Come, come, thou art a censorious wicked Woman, and you shall disturb them no longer.

Caut. What will you bawd for your Daughter?

Don. Ay, ay, come go out, out, out.

Caut. I will not go out, I will not go out, my Conscience will not suffer me; for I know by experience what will follow.

Ger. I warrant you, Sir, we'll make good use of our time when you are gone.

Caut. Do you hear him again, don't you know what he means?

[*Ex.* Don *thrusting* Caution *out.*

Hipp. 'Tis very well, you are a fine Gentleman to abuse my poor Father so.

Ger. 'Tis but by your Example, Miss.

Hipp. Well I am his Daughter, and may be bolder with him, I hope.

Ger. And I am his Son-in-law, that shall be, and therefore may claim my Priviledge too of making bold with him, I hope.

Hipp. Methinks you shou'd be contented in making bold with his Daughter; for you have made very bold with her, sure.

Ger.

Ger. I hope I shall make bolder with her yet.

Hipp. I do not doubt your confidence, for you are a Dancing-master.

Ger. Why, Miss? I hope you wou'd not have me a fine senseless Whining, modest Lover; for modesty in a Man is as ill as the want of it in a Woman.

Hipp. I thank you for that, Sir, now you have made bold with me indeed; but if I am such a confident Piece, I am sure you made me so; if you had not had the confidence to come in at the Window, I had not had the confidence to look upon a Man: I am sure I cou'd not look upon a Man before.

Ger. But that I humbly conceive, Sweet Miss, was your Fathers fault, because you had not a Man to look upon. But, dearest Miss, I do not think you confident, you are only innocent; for that which would be called confidence, nay impudence in a Woman of years, is called innocency in one of your age; and the more impudent you appear, the more innocent you are thought.

Hipp. Say you so! has Youth such Priviledges? I do not wonder then most Women seem impudent, since it is to be thought younger than they are it seems; but indeed, Master you are as great an Encourager of impudence I see, as if you were a Dancing master in good earnest.

Ger. Yes, yes, a young thing may do any thing, may leap out of the Window, and go away with her Dancing-master, if she please.

Hipp. So, so, the use follows the Doctrine very suddenly.

Ger. Well, Dearest, pray let us make the use we shou'd of it, lest your Father shou'd make too bold with us, and come in before we wou'd have him.

Hipp. Indeed old Relations are apt to take that ill-bred freedom of pressing into young Company at unseasonable hours.

Ger. Come, dear Miss, let me tell you how I have design'd matters; for in talking of any thing else we lose time and opportunity: people abroad indeed say the *English* Women are the worst in the World in using an opportunity, they love tittle tattle and Ceremony.

Hipp. 'Tis because I warrant opportunities are not so scarce here as abroad, they have more here than they can use; but let people abroad say what they will of *English* Women, because they do not know 'em, but what say people at home?

Ger. Pretty Innocent, ha, ha, ha. Well I say you will not make use of your opportunity.

Hipp. I say you have no reason to say so yet.

Ger. Well, then about nine of the Clock at night I'll try you; for I have already bespoke a Parson, and have taken up the three back Rooms of the Tavern, which front upon the Gallery-window, that no body may see us escape, and I have appointed (precisely betwixt eight and nine of the Clock when it is dark) a Coach and Six to wait at the Tavern-door for us.

Hipp. A Coach and Six, a Coach and Six, do you say? nay then I see you are resolv'd to carry me away; for a Coach and Six, though there were not a Man but the Coach-man with it, would carry away any young Girl of my Age in *England*, a Coach and Six!

Ger. Then you will be sure to be ready to go with me.

Hipp. What young Woman of the Town could ever say no to a Coach and Six, unless it were going into the Country: a Coach and Six, 'tis not in the power of fourteen years old to resist it.

Ger.

Ger. You will be sure to be ready?

Hipp. You are sure 'tis a Coach and Six?

Ger. I warrant you, Miss.

Hipp. I warrant you then they'll carry us merrily away: a Coach and Six?

Ger. But have you charm'd your Cousin the *Monsieur* (as you said you wou'd) that he in the mean time say nothing to prevent us?

Hipp. I warrant you.

Enter to 'em Don Diego *and Mrs.* Caution *pressing in.*

Caut. I will come in.

Don. Well, I hope by this time you have given her full instructions, you have told her what and how to do, you have done all.

Ger. We have just done indeed, Sir.

Hipp. Ay, Sir, we have just done, Sir.

Caut. And I fear just undone, Sir.

Ger. De' hear that damn'd Witch. [*Aside to* Hipp.

Don. Come leave your censorious prating, thou hast been a false right Woman thy self in thy Youth, I warrant you.

Caut. I right! I right! I scorn your words, I'd have you to know, and 'tis well known. I right! no 'tis your dainty Minx, that Jillflirt your Daughter here that is right, do you see how her Handkerchief is ruffled, and what a heat she's in?

Don. She has been dancing.

Caut. Ay, ay, *Adam* and *Eve*'s Dance, or the beginning of the World, de' see how she pants?

Don. She has not been us'd to motion.

Caut. Motion, motion, motion de' call it? no indeed, I kept her from motion till now, motion with a vengeance.

Don. You put the poor bashful Girl to the blush, you see, hold your peace.

Caut. 'Tis her guilt, not her modesty, marry.

Don. Come, come, mind her not, Child, come, Master, let me see her dance now the whole Dance roundly together, come sing to her.

Ger. Faith, we shall be discovered after all, you know I cannot sing a Note, Miss. [*Aside to* Hipp.

Don. Come, come, Man.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, my Master's in haste now, pray let it alone till anon at night, when you say he is to come again, and then you shall se me dance it to the Violin, pray stay till then, Father.

Don. I will not be put off so, come begin.

Hipp. Pray, Father.

Don. Come, sing to her, come begin.

Ger. Pray, Sir, excuse me till anon, I am in some haste.

Don. I say begin, I will not excuse you, come take her by the hand, and about with her.

Caut. I say he shall not take her by the hand, he shall touch her no more; while I am here there shall be no more squeesing and tickling her palm, good Mr. Dancing-master, stand off.

[*Ger. away.*

Don.

Don. Get you out, Mrs. *Impertinence*, take her by the hand, I ſay.

Caut. Stand off, I ſay, he ſhall not touch her, he has touch'd her too much already.

Don. If patience were not a *Spaniſh* Vertue, I wou'd lay it aſide now. I ſay let 'em dance.

Caut. I ſay they ſhall not dance.

Hipp. Pray, Father, ſince you ſee my Aunts obſtinacy, let us alone till anon, when you may keep her out.

Don. Well then, Friend, do not fail to come.

Hipp. Nay, if he fail me at laſt.

Don. Be ſure you come, for ſhe's to be marry'd to morrow, do you know it?

Ger. Yes, yes, Sir, ſweet Scholar, your humble Servant, till night, and think in the mean time of the inſtructions I have given you, that you may be the readier when I come.

Don. I, Girl, be ſure you do, and do you be ſure to come.

Caut. You need not be ſo concern'd, he'll be ſure to come, I warrant you; but if I cou'd help it, he ſhou'd never ſet foot agen in the Houſe.

Don. You wou'd frighten the poor Dancing-maſter from the Houſe; but be ſure you come for all her.

Ger. Yes, Sir.

But this Jade will pay me when I am gone. [*Aſide.*

Caut. Hold, hold, Sir, I muſt let you out, and I wiſh I cou'd keep you out. He a Dancing-maſter, he's a Chouce, a Cheat, a meer Cheat, and that you'll find.

Don. I find any Man a Cheat! I cheated by any Man! I ſcorn your words, I that have ſo much *Spaniſh* Care, Circumſpection, and Prudence, cheated by a Man: do you think I who have been in *Spain*, look you, and have kept up my Daughter a twelve-month, for fear of being cheated of her, look you? I cheated of her!

Caut. Well, ſay no more. [*Exeunt* Don, Hipp. Caut. *and* Prue.

Ger. Well, old Formality, if you had not kept up your Daughter, I am ſure I had never cheated you of her. [*Aſide.*

The wary Fool is by his care betray'd,
As Cuckolds by their Jealouſie are made. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Monſieur de Paris *without a Perruque, with a* Spaniſh *Hat, a* Spaniſh *Doublet, Stockins, and Shooes, but in Pantalloons, a Waſte-Belt, and a* Spaniſh *Dagger in't, and a Crevat about his Neck.*

Enter Hippolita *and* Prue *behind laughing.*

Monſ. TO ſee wat a Fool Love do make of one, Jernie. It do metamorphoſe de brave Man into de Beaſt, de Sotte, de Animal.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ha.

Monſ. Nay, you may laugh, 'tis ver vel, I am become as redicule for you as can be, mort-bleu. I have deform my ſelf into an ugly *Spaniard*.

Hipp. Why, do you call this diſguiſing your ſelf like a *Spaniard* while you wear Pantalloons ſtill and the Crevat.

Monſ. But is here not the double Doublet and the *Spaniſh* Dagger auſſy.

Hipp. But 'tis as long as the *French* Sword, and worn like it. But where's your *Spaniſh* Beard, the thing of moſt conſequence?

Monſ. Jernie, do you tink Beards are as eaſie to be had as in de Play-houſes, non; but if here be no the ugly-long-*Spaniſh* Beard, here are, I am certain, the ugly-long-*Spaniſh* Ear.

Hipp. That's very true, ha, ha, ha.

Monſ. Auh de ingrate! dat de Woman is, when we poor men are your Gallants you laugh at us your ſelves, and wen we are your Husbands, you make all the World laugh at us, Jernie. Love, dam Love, it make the man more redicule than Poverty, Poetry, or a new Title of Honour, Jernie.

Enter Don Diego *and* Caution.

Don. What at your Jernies ſtill? voto.

Monſ. Why, Oncle, you are at your voto's ſtill.

Don. Nay, I'll allow you to be at your voto's too, but not to make the incongruous Match of *Spaniſh* Doublet and *French* Pantalloons.

[*Holding his Hat before his Pantalloons.*

Monſ. Nay, pray dear Oncle, let me unite *France* and *Spain*, 'tis the Mode of *France* now, Jarnie, voto.

Don. Well, I ſee I muſt pronounce, I told you, if you were not dreſt in the *Spaniſh* Habit to night, you ſhou'd not marry my Daughter to morrow, look you.

Monſ. Well, am I not habiliee in de *Spaniſh* Habit, my Doublet, Ear, and Hat, Leg and Feet are *Spaniſh*, that dey are.

Don. I told you I was a *Spaniſh* Poſitivo, voto.

Monſ. Vil you not ſpare my Pantalloon (begar) I will give you one little finger to excuſe my Pantalloon, da——

Don. I have ſaid, look you.

Monſ. Auh chere Pantalloons, ſpeak for my Pantalloons, Couſin, my poor Pantalloons

Pantalloons are as dear to me as de Scarff to de Countree Capitaine, or de new made Officer; therefore have de compaſſion for my Pantalloons, *Don Diego*, mon Oncle, helas, helas, helas. [*Kneels to* Don.

Don. I have ſaid, look you, your Dreſs muſt be *Spaniſh*, and your Language *Engliſh*, I am upo Poſitivo.

Monſ. And muſt ſpeak baſe good *Engliſh* too, ah la pitiee, helas.

Don. It muſt be done, and I will ſee this great change e'er it be dark, voto—your time is not long, look to't, look you.

Monſ. Helas, helas, helas, dat *Eſpaigne* ſhou'd conquer la *France* in *England*, helas, helas, helas. [*Exit* Monſieur.

Don. You ſee what pains I take to make him the more agreeable to you, Daughter.

Hipp. But indeed and indeed, Father, you waſh the Black-a-more white, in endeavouring to make a *Spaniard* of a *Monſieur*, nay an *Engliſh Monſieur* too, conſider that, Father; for when once they have taken the *French* plie (as they call it) they are never to be made ſo much as *Engliſh* men again, I have heard ſay.

Don. What, I warrant, you are like the reſt of the young ſilly Baggages of *England*, that like nothing but what is *French*. You wou'd not have him reform'd, you wou'd have a *Monſieur* to your Husband, wou'd you, Querno?

Hipp. No indeed, Father, I wou'd not have a *Monſieur* to my Husband, not I indeed, and I am ſure you'll never make my Couſin otherwiſe.

Don. I warrant you.

Hipp. You can't, you can't, indeed, Father: and you have ſworn, you know, he ſhall never have me, if he does not leave off his Monſieurſhip. Now as I told you, 'tis as hard for him to ceaſe being a *Monſieur*, as 'tis for you to break a *Spaniſh* Oath, ſo that I am not in any great danger of having a *Monſieur* to my Husband.

Don. Well; but you ſhall have him for your Husband, look you.

Hipp. Then you will break your *Spaniſh* Oath.

Don. No, I will break him of his *French* Tricks, and you ſhall have him for your Husband, Querno.

Hipp. Indeed and indeed, Father, I ſhall not have him.

Don. Indeed you ſhall, Daughter.

Hipp. Well, you ſhall ſee, Father.

Caut. No I warrant you, ſhe will not have him, ſhe'll have her Dancing-maſter rather: I know her meaning, I underſtand her.

Don. Thou malicious fooliſh Woman, you underſtand her! but I do underſtand her, ſhe ſays I will not break my Oath, nor he his *French* Cuſtoms, ſo through our difference ſhe thinks ſhe ſhall not have him, but ſhe ſhall.

Hipp. But I ſhan't.

Caut. I know ſhe will not have him, becauſe ſhe hates him.

Don. I tell you, if ſhe does hate him, 'tis a ſign ſhe will have him for her Husband; for 'tis not one of a thouſand that marries the man ſhe loves, look you. Beſides, 'tis all one whether ſhe loves him now or not; for as ſoon as ſhe's marry'd, ſhe'd be ſure to hate him: that's the reaſon we wiſe *Spaniards* are jealous and only expect, nay will be ſure our Wives ſhall fear us, look you.

Hipp. Pray, good Father and Aunt, do not diſpute about nothing, for I am ſure he will never be my Husband to hate.

Caut. I am of your opinion indeed, I underſtand you, I can ſee as far as another.

Don. You, you cannot ſee ſo much as through your Spectacles, but I underſtand her, 'tis her meer deſire to Marriage makes her ſay ſhe ſhall not have him; for your poor young things, when they are once in the teens, think they ſhall never be marry'd.

Hipp. Well, Father, think you what you will, but I know what I think.

Enter Monſieur *in the* Spaniſh *Habit entire only with a Crevat, and follow'd by the little Black-a-more with a Golilia in his hand.*

Don. Come, did not I tell you, you ſhou'd have him, look you there, he has comply'd with me, and is a perfect *Spaniard.*

Monſ. Ay, ay, I am ugly Rogue enough, now ſure, for my Couſin; but 'tis your Father's fault, Couſin, that you han't the handſomeſt beſt dreſs'd man in the Nation, a man be in miſe.

Don. Yet agen at your *French?* and a Crevat on ſtill (voto a St. *Jago)* off, off with.

Monſ. Nay I will ever hereafter ſpeak clowniſh good *Engliſh*, do but ſpare me my Crevat.

Don. I am uno Poſitivo, look you.

Monſ. Let me not put on that *Spaniſh* Yoke, but ſpare me my Crevat; for I love Crevat furieſment.

Don. Agen at your Furieſments!

Monſ. Indeed I have forgot my ſelf, but have ſome mercy. [*Kneels.*

Don. Off, off, off with it I ſay, come refuſe the Ornamento principal of the *Spaniſh* Habit. [*Takes him by the Crevat, pulls it off, and the Black puts on the Golilia.*

Monſ. Will you have no mercy, no pity, alas, alas, alas, Oh I had rather put on the *Engliſh* Pillory than this *Spaniſh* Golilia, for 'twill be all a caſe I'm ſure; for when I go abroad, I ſhall ſoon have a Crowd of Boys about me, peppering me with rotten Eggs and Turneps, helas, helas. [Don *puts on the Golilia.*

Don. Helas again?

Monſ. Alas, alas, alas.

Hipp. I ſhall dye; ha, ha, ha.

Pru. I ſhall burſt, ha, ha, ha.

Monſ. Ay, ay, you ſee what I am come to for your ſake; Couſin and Uncle, pray take notice how ridiculous I am grown to my Couſin that loves me above all the World? ſhe can no more forbear laughing at me, I vow and ſwear, than if I were as arrant a *Spaniard* as your ſelf.

Don. Be a *Spaniard* like me, and ne'er think people laugh at you: there was never a *Spaniard* that thought any one laugh'd at him; but what do you laugh at a Golilia, Baggage? Come, Sirrah-Black, now do you teach him to walk with the verdadero geſto, gracia, and Gravidad of a true *Caſtilian.*

Monſ. Muſt I have my Dancing-maſter too? come little Maſter then, lead on.

[Black *ſtruts about the Stage, the* Monſieur *follows him, imitating awkerdly all he does.*

Don.

Don. Malo, malo, with your Hat on your Pole, as if it hung upon a Pin; the *French* and *English* wear their Hats, as if their Horns would not ſuffer 'em to come over their Foreheads, voto ——

Monſ. 'Tis true, there are ſome well-bred Gentlemen have ſo much Reverence for their Perruque, that they wou'd refuſe to be Grandees of your *Spain*, for fear of putting on their Hats, I vow and ſwear.

Don. Come, Black, teach him now to make a *Spaniſh* Leg.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, your *Spaniſh* Leg is an *Engliſh* Courtſie, I vow and ſwear, hah, hah, ha.

Don. Well, the Hood does not make the Monk, the Aſs was an Aſs ſtill, though he had the Lyons Skin on; this will be a light *French* Fool, in ſpight of the grave *Spaniſh* Habit, look you. But, Black, do what you can, make the moſt of him, walk him about.

Prue. Here are the people, Sir, you ſent to ſpeak with about Proviſions for the Wedding, and here are your Cloaths brought home too, Miſtreſs.

[Prue *goes to the door, and returns.*

Don. Well, I come: Black, do what you can with him, walk him about.

Monſ. Indeed, Uncle, if I were as you, I would not have the grave *Spaniſh* Habit ſo traveſty'd, I ſhall diſgrace it and my little Black Maſter too, I vow and ſwear.

Don. Learn, learn of him, improve your ſelf by him, and do you walk him, walk him about ſoundly. Come, Siſter and Daughter, I muſt have your Judgments, though I ſhall not need 'em, look you, walk him, ſee you walk him.

[*Ex.* Don, Hipp. *and* Caution.

Monſ. Jernie, he does not only make a *Spaniard* of me, but a *Spaniſh* Jennit, in giving me to his Lacquey to walk; but come a long, little Maſter.

[*The Black inſtructs the* Monſieur *on one ſide of the Stage*, Prue *ſtanding on the other.*

Prue. O the unfortunate condition of us poor Chamber-maids, who have all the carking and caring, the watching and ſitting up, the trouble and danger of our Miſtreſſes Intrigues! whilſt they go away with all the pleaſure; and if they can get their Man in a corner, 'tis well enough, they ne'er think of the poor watchful Chamber-maid, who ſits knocking her heels in the cold, for want of better exerciſe in ſome melancholy Lobby or Entry, when ſhe cou'd imploy her time every whit as well as her Miſtreſs for all her Quality, if ſhe were but put to't. [*Aſide.*

Black. Hold up your head, hold up your head, Sir, a ſtooping *Spaniard*, Malo.

Monſ. True, a *Spaniard* ſcorns to look upon the ground.

Prue. We can ſhift for our Miſtreſſes, and not for our ſelves, mine has got a handſom proper Young-man, and is juſt going to make the moſt of him, whilſt I muſt be left in the Lurch here with a Couple of ugly little Black-a-more Boys in Bonnets, and an old wither'd *Spaniſh* Eunuch, not a Servant elſe in the Houſe, nor have I hopes of any comfortable Society at all. [*Aſide.*

Black. Now let me ſee you make your Viſit-Leg thus.

Monſ. Auh, teſte non, ha, ha, ha.

Black. What, a *Spaniard*, and laugh aloud! no; if you laugh thus only ſo—now your Salutation in the ſtreet as you paſs by your Acquaintance, look you, thus

thus—— if to a Woman, thus, putting your Hat upon your heart; if to a man, thus with a nod, ſo —— but frown a little more, frown. But if to a Woman you wou'd be very ceremonious too, thus — ſo — your Neck nearer your ſhoulder, ſo —— Now if you wou'd ſpeak contemptibly of any man or thing, do thus with your hand —— ſo —— and ſhrug up your ſhoulders, till they hide your Ears. Now walk agen. Monſ. *imitating the Black.*

[*The* Black *and the* Monſieur *walk off the Stage.*

Pru. All my hopes are in that Coxcomb there; I muſt take up with my Miſtreſſes leavings, though we Chamber-maids are wont to be before-hand with them: but he is the dulleſt, modeſteſt Fool, for a Frenchifi'd Fool, as ever I ſaw; for no body cou'd be more coming to him than I have been (though I ſay it) and yet I am ne'er the nearer. I have ſtollen away his Hankerchief, and told him of it, and yet he wou'd never ſo much as ſtruggle with me to get it again. I have pull'd off his Perruque, unty'd his Ribbons, and have been very bold with him, yet he would never be ſo with me; nay, I have pinch'd him, punch'd him, and tickl'd him, and yet he would never do the like for me.

[*The* Black *and* Monſieur *return.*

Black. Nay, thus, thus, Sir.

Pru. And to make my perſon more acceptable to him, I have us'd Art, as they ſay; for every night ſince he came, I have worn the Forehead-piece of Bees wax and Hogs-greaſe, and every morning waſh'd with Butter-milk and wild Tanſie, and have put on every day for his only ſake my Sunday's Bow-dy-Stockins, and have new chalk'd my Shooes, and's conſtantly as the morning came; nay, I have taken an occaſion to garter my Stockings before him, as if unawares of him; for a good Leg and Foot, with good Shooes and Stockings, are very provoking, as they ſay, but the Devil a bit wou'd he be provok'd; but I muſt think of a way.

Black. Thus, thus.

Monſ. What ſo —— well, well, I have Leſſons enow for this time. Little Maſter, I will have no more, leſt the multiplicity of 'em make me forget 'em, da-- *Prue*, art thou there, and ſo penſive? what art thou thinking of?

Pru. Indeed I am aſham'd to tell your Worſhip.

Monſ. What aſham'd! wer't thou thinking then of my beaſtlineſs? ha, ha, ha.

Pru. Nay, then I am forc'd to tell your Worſhip in my own vindication.

Monſ. Come then.

Pru. But indeed your Worſhip —— I'm aſham'd that I am, though it was nothing but a dream I had of your ſweet Worſhip laſt night.

Monſ. Of my ſweet Worſhip! I warrant it was a ſweet dream then, what was it? ha, ha, ha.

Pru. Nay, indeed I have told your Worſhip enough already, you may gueſs the reſt.

Monſ. I cannot gueſs, ha, ha, ha, what ſhou'd it be? prethee let's know the reſt.

Pru. Wou'd you have me ſo impudent?

Monſ. Impudent! ha, ha, ha, nay prethee tell me, for I can't gueſs, da——

Pru. Nay, tis always ſo; for want of the mens gueſſing, the poor Women are forc'd to be impudent, but I am ſtill aſham'd.

Monſ.

Monſ. I will know it, ſpeak.

Prue. Why then methoughts laſt night you came up into my Chamber in your Shirt, when I was in Bed, and that you might eaſily do; for I have ne'er a Lock to my door: now I warrant I am red as my Petticoat.

Monſ. No, thou'rt as yellow as e'er thou wert.

Prue. Yellow, Sir!

Monſ. Ay, ay; but let's hear the Dream out.

Prue. Why, can't you gueſs the reſt now?

Monſ. No not I, I vow and ſwear, come let's hear.

Prue. But can't you gueſs in earneſt?

Monſ. Not I, the Devil eat me.

Prue. Not gueſs yet! why then methoughts you came to bed to me? Now am I as red as my Petticoat again.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, well, and what then? ha, ha, ha.

Prue. Nay, now I know by your Worſhip's laughing, you gueſs what you did: I'm ſure I cry'd out, and wak'd all in tears, with theſe words in my mouth, You have undone me, you have undone me! your Worſhip has undone me.

Monſ. Hah, ha, ha; but you wak'd and found it was but a Dream.

Prue. Indeed it was ſo lively, I know not whether 'twas a Dream or no: but if you were not there, I'll undertake you may come when you will, and do any thing to me you will, I ſleep ſo faſt.

Monſ. No, no, I don't believe that.

Prue. Indeed you may, your Worſhip ——

Monſ. It cannot be.

Prue. Inſenſible Beaſt! he will not underſtand me yet, and one wou'd think I ſpeak plain enough. [*Aſide.*

Monſ. Well, but *Prue*, what art thou thinking of?

Prue. Of the Dream, whether it were a Dream or no.

Monſ. 'Twas a Dream I warrant thee.

Prue. Was it? I am hugeous glad it was a Dream.

Monſ. Ay, ay, it was a Dream; and I am hugeous glad it was a Dream too.

Prue. But now I have told your Worſhip, my door hath neither Lock nor Latch to it: if you ſhou'd be ſo naughty as to come one night, and prove the dream true—— I am ſo afraid on't.

Monſ. Ne'er fear it, dreams go by the contraries.

Prue. Then by that I ſhould come into your Worſhip's Chamber, and come to bed to your Worſhip. Now am I as red as my Petticoat again, I warrant.

Monſ. No, thou art no redder than a Brick unburnt, *Prue*.

Prue. But if I ſhou'd do ſuch a trick in my ſleep, your Worſhip wou'd not cenſure a poor harmleſs Maid, I hope; for I am apt to walk in my ſleep.

Monſ. Well then, *Prue*, becauſe thou ſhalt not ſhame thy ſelf (poor Wench) I'll be ſure to lock my door every night faſt.

Prue. So, ſo, this way I find will not do, I muſt come roundly and down-right to the buſ'neſs, like other Women, or——

Enter

Enter Gerrard.

Monſ. O the Dancing-maſter!

Pru. Dear Sir, I have ſomething to ſay to you in your Ear, which I am aſham'd to ſpeak aloud.

Monſ. Another time, another time, *Prue*, but now go call your Miſtreſs to her Dancing-maſter, go, go.

Pru. Nay, pray hear me, Sir, firſt.

Monſ. Another time, another time, *Prue*, prethee be gone.

Pru. Nay, I beſeech your Worſhip hear me.

Monſ. No, prethee be gone.

Pru. Nay, I am e'en well enough ſerv'd for not ſpeaking my mind when I had an opportunity. Well, I muſt be playing the modeſt Woman, forſooth; a Womans hypocriſie in this caſe does only deceive her ſelf. [*Exit* Prue.

Monſ. O the brave Dancing-maſter, the fine Dancing-maſter, your Servant, your Servant.

Ger. Your Servant, Sir, I proteſt I did not know you at firſt. I am afraid this Fool ſhou'd ſpoil all, notwithſtanding *Hippolita*'s care and management, yet I ought to truſt her; but a Secret is more ſafe with a treacherous Knave than a talkative Fool. [*Aſide.*

Monſ. Come, Sir, you muſt know a little Brother Dancing-maſter of yours, Walking-maſter I ſhou'd have ſaid; for he teaches me to walk and make Legs by the bye: Pray know him, Sir, ſalute him, Sir; you Chriſtian Dancing-maſters are ſo proud.

Ger. But, Monſieur, what ſtrange Metamorphoſis is this? you look like a *Spaniard*, and talk like an *Engliſh*-man again, which I thought had been impoſſible.

Monſ. Nothing impoſſible to Love, I muſt do't, or loſe my Miſtreſs your pretty Scholar, for 'tis I am to have her; you may remember I told you ſhe was to be marry'd to a great man, a man of Honour and Quality.

Ger. But does ſhe enjoyn you to this ſevere penance, ſuch I am ſure it is to you.

Monſ. No, no, 'tis by the compulſion of the ſtarch'd Fop her Father, who is ſo arrant a *Spaniard*, he wou'd kill you and his Daughter, if he knew who you were; therefore have a ſpecial care to diſſemble well. [*Draws him aſide.*

Ger. I warrant you.

Monſ. Dear *Gerrard*, go little Maſter and call my Couſin, tell her, her Dancing-maſter is here. [*Exit* Black.
I ſay, Dear *Gerrard*, Faith I'm obliged to you for the trouble you have had: when I ſent you, I intended a Jeſt indeed, but did not think it wou'd have been ſo dangerous a Jeſt; therefore pray forgive me.

Ger. I do, do heartily forgive you

Monſ. But can you forgive me, for ſending you at firſt, like a Fool as I was, 'twas ill done of me; can you forgive me?

Ger. Yes, yes, I do forgive you.

Monſ. Well, thou art a generous man, I vow and ſwear, to come and take upon you this trouble, danger, and ſhame, to be thought a paltry Dancing-maſter,

master, and all this to preserve a Ladies honour and life, who intended to abuse you; but I take the obligation upon me.

Ger. Pish, pish, you are not obliged to me at all.

Monsi. Faith but I am strangely obliged to you.

Ger. Faith but you are not.

Monsi. I vow and swear but I am.

Ger. I swear you are not.

Monsi. Nay, thou art so generous a Dancing-master —— ha, ha, ha.

Enter Don Diego, Hippolita, Caution, *and* Prue.

Don. You shall not come in, Sister.

Caut. I will come in.

Don. You will not be civil.

Caut. I'm sure they will not be civil, if I do not come in, I must, I will.

Don. Well, honest Friend, you are very punctual, which is a rare Vertue in a Dancing-master, I take notice of it, and will remember it, I will, look you.

Monsi. So silly-damn'd-politick *Spanish* Uncle, ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*

Ger. My fine Scholar, Sir, there, shall never have reason (as I told you) Sir, to say I am not a punctual man, for I am more her Servant than to any Scholar I ever had.

Monsi. Well said, I'faith, thou dost make a pretty Fool of him, I vow and swear; but I wonder people can be made such Fools of, ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*

Hipp. Well, Master, I thank you, and I hope I shall be a grateful kind Scholar to you.

Monsi. Ha, ha, ha, cunning little Jilt, what a Fool she makes of him too: I wonder people can be made such Fools of, I vow and swear, ha, ha, ha. [*Aside.*

Hipp. Indeed it shall go hard but I'll be a grateful kind Scholar to you.

Caut. As kind as ever your Mother was to your Father, I warrant.

Don. How; agen with your senseless suspicions.

Monsi. Pish, pish, Aunt, ha, ha, ha, she's a Fool another way; she thinks she loves him, ha, ha, ha. Lord, that people shou'd be such Fools! [*Aside.*

Caut. Come, come, I cannot but speak, I tell you beware in time; for he is no Dancing-master, but some debauch'd person who will mump you of your Daughter.

Don. Will you be wiser than I still? Mump me of my Daughter! I wou'd I cou'd see any one mump me of my Daughter.

Caut. And mump you of your Mistress too, young *Spaniard.*

Monsi. Ha, ha, ha, will you be wiser than I too, voto. Mump me of my Mistress! I wou'd I cou'd see any one mump me of my Mistress. [*To* Caution. I am afraid this damn'd old Aunt shou'd discover us, I vow and swear; be careful therefore and resolute. [*Aside to* Ger. *and* Hipp.

Caut. He, he does not go about his bus'ness like a Dancing-master, he'll ne'er teach her to dance, but he'll teach her no goodness soon enough I warrant: he a Dancing-master!

Monsi. I, the Devil eat me, if he be not the best Dancing-master in *England* now. Was not that well said, Cousin? was it not? for he's a Gentleman Dancing-master, you know.. [*Aside to* Ger. *and* Hipp.

Don. You know him, Couſin, very well, Couſin, you ſent him to my Daughter?

Monſ. Yes, yes, Uncle, know him! We'll ne'er be diſcovered, I warrant, ha, ha, ha. [*Aſide.*

Cant. But will you be made a Fool of too?

Monſ. Ay, ay, Aunt, ne'er trouble your ſelf.

Don. Come, Friend, about your buſ'neſs, about with my Daughter.

Hipp. Nay, pray, Father, be pleas'd to go out a little, and let us but practiſe a while, and then you ſhall ſee me dance the whole Dance to the Violin.

Don. Tittle, tattle, more fooling ſtill! did not you ſay when your Maſter was here laſt, I ſhou'd ſee you dance to the Violin when he came agen.

Hipp. So I did, Father; but let me practiſe a little firſt before, that I may be perfect. Beſides, my Aunt is here, and ſhe will put me out, you know I cannot dance before her.

Don. Fiddle, faddle.

Monſ. They're afraid to be diſcovered by *Gerard*'s bungling, I ſee. Come, come, Uncle, turn out, let 'em practiſe. [*Aſide.*

Don. I won't (voto a St. *Jago*) what a fooling's here?

Monſ. Come, come, let 'em practiſe, turn out, turn out, Uncle.

Don. Why, can't ſhe practiſe it before me?

Monſ. Come, Dancers and Singers are ſometimes humorſom; beſides, 'twill be more grateful to you, to ſee it danc'd all at once to the Violin. Come, turn out, turn out, I ſay.

Don. What a fooling's here ſtill amongſt you, voto?

Monſ. So there he is with you, voto, turn out, turn out, I vow and ſwear you ſhall turn out. [*Takes him by the ſhoulder.*

Don. Well, ſhall I ſee her dance it to the Violin at laſt?

Ger. Yes, yes, Sir, what do you think I teach her for? [*Exit* Don.

Monſ. Go, go, turn out, and you too, Aunt.

Cant. Seriouſly, Nephew, I ſhall not budge, royally I ſhall not.

Monſ. Royally you muſt, Aunt, come.

Cant. Pray hear me, Nephew.

Monſ. I will not hear you.

Cant. 'Tis for your ſake I ſtay, I muſt not ſuffer you to be wrong'd.

Monſ. Come, no wheedling, Aunt, come away.

Cant. That ſlippery Fellow will do't.

Monſ. Let him do't.

Cant. Indeed he will do't, royally he will.

Monſ. Well let him do't, royally.

Cant. He will wrong you,

Monſ. Well, let him, I ſay, I have a mind to be wrong'd, what's that to you, I will be wrong'd, if you go thereto, I vow and ſwear.

Cant. You ſhall not be wrong'd.

Monſ. I will.

Cant. You ſhall not. [Don *returns.*

Don. What's the matter? won't ſhe be rul'd? come, come away, you ſhall not diſturb 'em. [Don *and* Monſieur *thruſt* Cantion *out.*

Cant.

Caut. De' ſee how they laugh at you both, well go to, the Troth-telling *Trojan* Gentlewoman of old was ne'er believ'd, till the Town was taken, rumag'd, and ranſak'd, even, even ſo. [*Exit* Caution.

Monſ. Hah, hah, ha, turn out.
Lord, that people ſhou'd be ſuch arrant Coddens, ha, ha, ha;
But I may ſtay, may I not?

Hipp. No, no, I'd have you go out and hold the door, Couſin, or elſe my Father will come in agen before his time.

Monſ. I will, I will then, ſweet Couſin, 'twas well thought on, that was well thought on indeed for me to hold the door.

Hipp. But be ſure you keep him out, Couſin, till we knock.

Monſ. I warrant you, Couſin, Lord, that people ſhou'd be made ſuch Fools of, ha, ha, ha. [*Exit* Monſieur.

Ger. So, ſo, to make him hold the door, while I ſteal his Miſtreſs is not unpleaſant.

Hipp. Ay, but wou'd you do ſo ill a thing, ſo treacherous a thing? Faith 'tis not well.

Ger. Faith I can't help it. Since 'tis for your ſake, come, Sweeteſt, is not this our way into the Gallery?

Hipp. Yes, but it goes againſt my Conſcience to be acceſſary to ſo ill a thing; you ſay you do it for my ſake?

Ger. Alas, poor Miſs! 'tis not againſt your Conſcience, but againſt your modeſty, you think to do it franckly.

Hipp. Nay, if it be againſt my modeſty too, I can't do it indeed.

Ger. Come, come, Miſs, let us make haſte, all's ready.

Hipp. Nay, Faith, I can't ſatisfie my ſcruple.

Ger. Come, Deareſt, this is not a time for ſcruples nor modeſty; modeſty between Lovers is as impertinent as Ceremony between Friends, and modeſty is now as unſeaſonable as on the Wedding-night: come away, my Deareſt.

Hipp. Whither?

Ger. Nay ſure, we have loſt too much time already: Is that a proper Queſtion now? if you wou'd know, come along, for I have all ready.

Hipp. But I am not ready.

Ger. Truly, Miſs, we ſhall have your Father come in upon us, and prevent us again, as he did in the morning.

Hipp. 'Twas well for me he did; for on my Conſcience if he had not come in, I had gone clear away with you when I was in the humour.

Ger. Come, Deareſt, you wou'd frighten me as if you were not yet in the ſame humour. Come, come away, the Coach and Six is ready.

Hipp. 'Tis too late to take the Air, and I am not ready.

Ger. You were ready in the morning.

Hipp. I, ſo I was.

Ger. Come, come, Miſs, indeed the Jeſt begins to be none.

Hipp. What, I warrant you think me in jeſt then?

Ger. In jeſt, certainly, but it begins to be troubleſom.

Hipp. But, Sir, you cou'd believe I was in earneſt in the morning, when I but ſeemed to be ready to go with you; and why won't you believe me now,

when I declare to the contrary? I take it unkindly, that the longer I am acquainted with you, you ſhou'd have the leſs confidence in me.

Ger. For Heaven's ſake, Miſs, loſe no more time thus, your Father will come in upon us, as he did ——

Hipp. Let him, if he will.

Ger. He'll hinder our deſign.

Hipp. No, he will not, for mine is to ſtay here now.

Ger. Are you in earneſt?

Hipp. You'll find it ſo.

Ger. How! why you confeſs'd but now you wou'd have gone with me in the morning.

Hipp. I was in the humour then.

Ger. And I hope you are in the ſame ſtill, you cannot change ſo ſoon.

Hipp. Why, is it not a whole day ago?

Ger. What, are you not a day in the ſame humour?

Hipp. Lord! that you who know the Town (they ſay) ſhou'd think any Woman could be a whole day together in an humour, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Hey! this begins to be pleaſant: What, won't you go with me then after all?

Hipp. No indeed, Sir, I deſire to be excus'd.

Ger. Then you have abus'd me all this while?

Hipp. It may be ſo.

Ger. Cou'd all that ſo natural Innocency be diſſembl'd? Faith it cou'd not, deareſt Miſs.

Hipp. Faith it was, dear Maſter.

Ger. Was it, faith?

Hipp. Methinks you might believe me without an Oath: you ſaw I cou'd diſſemble with my Father, why ſhou'd you think I cou'd not with you?

Ger. So young a Wheadle?

Hipp. Ay, a meer damn'd Jade I am.

Ger. And I have been abus'd, you ſay?

Hipp. 'Tis well you can believe it at laſt.

Ger. And I muſt never hope for you?

Hipp. Wou'd you have me abuſe you again?

Ger. Then you will not go with me?

Hipp. No; but for your comfort your loſs will not be great; and that you may not reſent it, for once I'll be ingenuous and diſabuſe you; I am no Heireſs, as I told you, to twelve hundred pound a year. I was only a lying Jade then, now you will part with me willingly I doubt not.

Ger. I wiſh I cou'd. [Sighs.

Hipp. Come, now I find 'tis your turn to diſſemble; but men uſe to diſſemble for money, will you diſſemble for nothing?

Ger. 'Tis too late for me to diſſemble.

Hipp. Don't you diſſemble, faith?

Ger. Nay, this is too cruel.

Hipp. What, wou'd you take me without the twelve hundred pound a year? wou'd you be ſuch a Fool as to ſteal a Woman with nothing?

Ger.

Ger. I'll convince you, for you ſhall go with me; and ſince you are twelve hundred pound a year the lighter, you'll be the eaſier carried away.

[*He takes her in his Arms, ſhe ſtruggles.*

Pru. What, he takes her away againſt her will, I find I muſt knock for my Maſter then. [*She knocks.*

Enter Don Diego *and Mrs.* Caution.

Hipp. My Father, my Father is here.

Ger. Prevented again! [Ger. *ſets her down again.*

Don. What, you have done I hope now, Friend, for good and all?

Ger. Yes, yes, we have done for good and all indeed.

Don. How now! you ſeem to be out of humour, Friend.

Ger. Yes, ſo I am, I can't help it.

Caut. He's a Diſſembler in his very Throat, Brother.

Hipp. Pray do not carry things ſo as to diſcover your ſelf, if it be but for my ſake, good Maſter. [*Aſide to* Ger.

Ger. She is grown impudent. [*Aſide.*

Caut. See, ſee, they whiſper, Brother, to ſteal a Kiſs under a Whiſper, O the Harletry!

Don. What's the matter, Friend?

Hipp. I ſay for my ſake be in humour, and do not diſcover your ſelf, but be as patient as a Dancing-maſter ſtill. [*To* Ger.

Don. What, ſhe is whiſpering to him indeed! what's the matter? I will know it, Friend, look you.

Ger. Will you know it?

Don. Yes, I will know it.

Ger. Why, if you will know it, then ſhe wou'd not do as I wou'd have her, and whiſper'd me to deſire me not to diſcover it to you.

Don. What, Huſſy, wou'd you not do as he'd have you! I'll make you do as he'd have you.

Ger. I wiſh you wou'd.

Caut. 'Tis a lye, ſhe'll do all he'll have her do, and more too, to my knowledge.

Don. Come, tell me what 'twas then ſhe wou'd not do, come do it, Huſſy, or—Come, take her by the hand, Friend, come, begin, let's ſee if ſhe will not do any thing now, I am here.

Hipp. Come, pray be in humour, Maſter.

Ger. I cannot diſſemble like you.

Don. What, ſhe can't diſſemble already, can ſhe?

Caut. Yes but ſhe can, but 'tis with you ſhe diſſembles; for they are not fallen out, as we think, for I'll be ſworn I ſaw her juſt now give him the languiſhing Eye, as they call it, that is, the Whitings Eye, of old called the Sheeps Eye. I'll be ſworn I ſaw it with theſe two Eyes, that I did.

Hipp. You'll betray us, have a care, good Maſter. [*Aſide to* Ger.

Ger. Hold your peace, I ſay, ſilly Woman.

Don. But does ſhe diſſemble already? how do you mean?

Ger. She pretends ſhe can't do what ſhe ſhou'd do, and that ſhe is not in humour, the common Excuſe of Women for not doing what they ſhou'd do.

Don.

Don. Come, I'll put her in humour; dance, I say, come, about with her, Master.

Ger. I am in a pretty humour to dance. [*Aside.*
I cannot fool any longer, since you have fool'd me. [*To* Hip.

Hipp. You wou'd not be so ungenerous, as to betray the Woman that hated you, I do not do that yet; for Heaven's sake for this once be more obedient to my desires than your passion.

Don. What is she humoursom still? But methinks you look your self as if you were in an ill humour; but about with her.

Ger. I am in no good Dancing humour indeed.

Enter Monsieur.

Monsi. Well, how goes the Dancing forward? what my Aunt here to disturb 'em again?

Don. Come, come. [*Ger. leads her about.*

Caut. I say stand off, thou shalt not come near, avoid, Satan, as they say.

Don. Nay then we shall have it, Nephew, hold her a little, that she may not disturb 'em, come, now away with her.

Ger. One, two, and a Coupee.
Fool'd and abus'd. [*Aside.*

Caut. Wilt thou lay violent hands upon thy own natural Aunt, Wretch? [*To* Monsieur *holding* Caution.

Don. Come, about with her.

Ger. One, two, three, four, and turn round.
By such a piece of Innocency. [*Aside.*

Caut. Dost thou see, Fool, how he squeezes her hand?

Monsi. That won't do, Aunt.

Hipp. Pray, Master, have patience, and let's mind our business.

Don. Why did you anger him then, Hussy, look you?

Caut. Do you see how she smiles in his face, and squeezes his hand now?

Monsi. Your Servant, Aunt, that won't do, I say.

Hipp. Have patience, Master.

Ger. I am become her sport, one, two, three, Death, Hell, and the Devil. [*Aside.*

Don. Ay, they are three indeed; but pray have patience.

Caut. Do you see how she leers upon him and clings to him, can you suffer it?

Monsi. Ay, ay.

Ger. One, two, and a slur; can you be so unconcern'd after all?

Don. What, is she unconcern'd! Hussy, mind your bus'ness.

Ger. One, two, three, and turn round, one, two, fall back, Hell and Damnation.

Don. Ay, people fall back indeed into Hell and Damnation, Heav'n knows.

Ger. One, two, three, and your Honour: I can fool no longer.

Caut. Nor will I be withheld any longer like a poor Hen in her Pen, while the Kite is carrying away her Chicken before her face.

Don. What have you done? Well then let's see her dance: Is gone to the Violin,

Monsi.

Monſ. Ay, ay, let's ſee her dance it to the Violin.

Ger. Another time, another time.

Don. Don't you believe that, Friend; theſe Dancing-maſters make no bones of breaking their words. Did not you promiſe juſt now I ſhou'd ſee her dance it to the Violin, and that I will too, before I ſtir.

Ger. Let *Monſieur* play then while I dance with her, ſhe can't dance alone.

Monſ. I can't play at all, I'm but a Learner; but if you'll play, I'll dance with her.

Ger. I can't play neither.

Don. What a Dancing-maſter, and not play!

Caut. Ay, you ſee what a Dancing-maſter he is. 'Tis as I told you, I warrant: A Dancing-maſter, and not play upon the Fiddle!

Don. How!

Hipp. O you have betray'd us all! if you confeſs that, you undo us for ever. [*Apart to* Ger.

Ger. I cannot play, what wou'd you have me ſay?

Monſ. I vow and ſwear we are all undone, if you cannot play.

Don. What, are you a Dancing-maſter, and cannot play! umph ——

Hipp. He is only out of humour, Sir; here, Maſter, I know you will play for me yet, for he has an excellent hand. [*She offers* Gerard *the Violin.*

Monſ. Ay, that he has.

At giving a box on the Ear. [*Aſide.*

Don. Why does he not play then?

Hipp. Here, Maſter, pray play for my ſake. [*Gives* Ger. *the Violin.*

Ger. What wou'd you have me do with it? I cannot play a ſtroke.

Hipp. No, ſtay then, ſeem to tune it, and break the ſtrings. [*Apart to* Ger.

Ger. Come then.

Next to the Devil's the Invention of Women, they'll no more want an excuſe to cheat a Father with, than an opportunity to abuſe a Husband. [*Aſide.*

But what do you give me ſuch a damn'd Fiddle with rotten ſtrings for?

[*Winds up the ſtrings till they break, and throws the Violin on the ground.*

Don. Hey-day, the Dancing-maſter is frantick.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, that people ſhou'd be made ſuch Fools of.

Caut. He broke the ſtrings on purpoſe, becauſe he cou'd not play, you are blind, Brother.

Don. What, will you ſee further than I? look you.

Hipp. But pray, Maſter, why in ſuch haſte?

Ger. Becauſe you have done with me.

Don. But don't you intend to come to morrow agen?

Ger. Your Daughter does not deſire it.

Don. No matter, I do, I muſt be your pay Maſter I'm ſure, I wou'd have you come betimes too, not only to make her perfect; but ſince you have ſo good a hand upon the Violin to play your part with half a dozen of Muſicians more, whom I wou'd have you bring with you; for we will have a very merry Wedding, though a very private one; you'll be ſure to come?

Ger. Your Daughter does not deſire it.

Don.

Don. Come, come, Baggage, you ſhall deſire it of him, he is your Maſter.

Hipp. My Father will have me deſire it of you, it ſeems.

Ger. But you'll make a Fool of me agen: if I ſhou'd come, wou'd you not?

Hipp. If I ſhou'd tell you ſo, you'd be ſure not to come.

Don. Come, come, ſhe ſhall not make a Fool of you, upon my word; I'll ſecure you, ſhe ſhall do what you'll have her.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, ſo, ſo, ſilly *Don.* [*Aſide.*

Ger. But, Madam, will you have me come?

Hipp. I'd have you to know for my part, I care not whether you come or no; there are other Dancing-maſters to be had, it is my Fathers requeſt to you: all that I have to ſay to you, is a little good advice, which (becauſe I will not ſhame you) I'll give you in private. [*Whiſpers* Gerard.

Cant. What, will you let her whiſper with him too?

Don. Nay, if you find fault with it, they ſhall whiſper; though I did not like it before, I'll ha' no body wiſer than my ſelf, but do you think if 'twere any hurt, ſhe wou'd whiſper it to him before us?

Cant. If it be no hurt, why does ſhe not ſpeak aloud?

Don. Becauſe ſhe ſays ſhe will not put the man out of Countenance.

Cant. Hey-day, put a Dancing-maſter out of countenance!

Don. You ſay he is no Dancing-maſter.

Cant. Yes, for his impudence, he may be a Dancing-maſter.

Don. Well, well, let her whiſper before me as much as ſhe will to night, ſince ſhe is to be marry'd to morrow, eſpecially ſince her Husband that ſhall be ſtands by conſenting too.

Monſ. Ay, ay, let 'em whiſper (as you ſay) as much as they will before we marry. She's making more ſport with him, I warrant; but I wonder how people can be fool'd ſo, ha, ha, ha. [*Aſide.*

Don. Well, a Penny for the ſecret, Daughter.

Hipp. Indeed, Father, you ſhall have it for nothing to morrow.

Don. Well, Friend, you will not fail to come.

Ger. No, no, Sir.
Yet I am a Fool, if I do. [*Aſide.*

Don. And be ſure you bring the Fiddlers with you, as I bid you.

Hipp. Yes, be ſure you bring the Fiddlers with you, as I bid you.

Cant. So, ſo, He'll fiddle your Daughter out of the Houſe, muſt you have Fiddles, with a fiddle, faddle.

Monſ. Lord! that people ſhou'd be made ſuch Fools of, hah, hah.
[*Ex.* Don, Hipp. Monſ. Cant. *and* Prue.

Ger. Fortune we ſooner may than Woman truſt
To her confiding Gallant ſhe is juſt;
But falſer Woman only him deceives,
Who to her Tongue and Eyes moſt credit gives. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Monsieur *and* Black *stalking over the Stage, to them Mr.* Gerard.

Monsi. GOod morrow to thee, noble Dancing-master, ha, ha, ha, your little black Brother here, my Master, I see, is the more diligent man of the two; but why do you come so late? what you begin to neglect your Scholar, do you? Little black Master *(con Licentia)* pray get you out of the Room. [*Exit* Black. What, out of humour, Man! a Dancing-master shou'd be like his Fiddle, always in Tune. Come, my Cousin has made an Ass of thee, what then, I know it.

Ger. Does he know it? [*Aside.*

Monsi. But prethee don't be angry, 'twas agreed upon betwixt us, before I sent you, to make a Fool of thee, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Was it so?

Monsi. I knew you would be apt to entertain vain hopes from the Summons of a Lady, but faith the design was but to make a Fool of thee, as you find.

Ger. 'Tis very well.

Monsi. But indeed, I did not think the Jest wou'd have lasted so long, and that my Cousin wou'd have made a Dancing-master of you, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. The Fool has reason, I find, and I am the Coxcomb while I thought him so. [*Aside.*

Monsi. Come, I see you are uneasie, and the Jest of being a Dancing-master grows tedious to you; but have a little patience, the Parson is sent for, and when once my Cousin and I are marry'd, my Uncle may know who you are.

Ger. I am certainly abus'd.

Monsi. What do you say? [Monsi. *listens.*

Ger. Meerly fool'd. [*Aside.*

Monsi. Why do you doubt it? ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Can it be? [*Aside.*

Monsi. Pish, pish, she told me yesterday as soon as you were gone, that she had led you into a Fools Paradise, and made you believe she wou'd go away with you, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Did she so? I am no longer to doubt it then? [*Aside.*

Monsi. Ay, ay, she makes a meer Fool of thee, I vow and swear; but don't be concern'd, there's hardly a man of a thousand but has been made a Fool of by some Woman or other; I have been made a Fool of my self, man, by the Women, I have, I vow and swear, I have.

Ger. Well, you have, I believe it, for you are a Coxcomb.

Monsi. Lord! you need not be so touchy with one; I tell you but the truth for your good, for though she does, I wou'd not fool you any longer; but prethee don't be troubl'd at what can't be help'd. Women are made on purpose to fool men; when they are Children, they fool their Fathers; and when they

have taken their leaves of their Hanging-sleeves, they fool their Gallants or Dancing-masters, ha, ha, ha.

Ger. Hark you, Sir, to be fool'd by a Woman you say is not to be help'd; but I will not be fool'd by a Fool.

Monf. You shew your English breeding now, an English Rival is so dull and brutish as not to understand raillery, but what is spoken in your passion, I'll take no notice of, for I am your Friend, and would not have you my Rival to make your self ridiculous. Come, prethee, prethee, don't be so concern'd, for as I was saying, Women first fool their Fathers, then their Gallants, and then their Husbands; so that it will be my turn to be fool'd too, (for your comfort) and when they come to be Widows, they would fool the Devil I vow and swear. Come, come, dear *Gerard*, prethee don't be out of humour and look so sillily.

Ger. Prethee do not talk so sillily.

Monf. Nay, faith I am resolv'd to beat you out of this ill humour.

Ger. Faith, I am afraid I shall first beat you into an ill humour.

Monf. Ha, ha, ha, that thou should'st be gull'd so by a little Gipsey, who left off her Bib but yesterday; faith I can't but laugh at thee.

Ger. Faith then I shall make your mirth (as being too violent) conclude in some little misfortune to you. The Fool begins to be tyrannical.

Monf. Ha, ha, ha, poor angry *Dancing-Master*; prethee match my Spanish pumps and legs with one of your best and newest Sarabands; ha, ha, ha, come---

Ger. I will match your Spanish Ear, thus, Sir, and make you Dance thus.

[*Strikes and kicks him.*

Monf. How! fa, fa, fa, then I'll make you Dance thus.

[Mon. *draws his Sword and runs at him, but* Ger. *drawing he retires.*

Hold, hold a little: A desperate disappointed Lover will cut his own throat, then sure he will make nothing of cutting his Rivals throat. [*Aside.*

Ger. Consideration is an Enemy to fighting; if you have a mind to revenge your self, your Sword's in your hand.

Monf. Pray, Sir, hold your peace; I'll ne'er take my Rivals counsel be't what 'twill, I know what you wou'd be at; you are disappointed of your Mistress, and cou'd hang your self, and therefore will not fear hanging; but I am a successful Lover, and need neither hang for you nor my Mistress; nay, if I should kill you, I know I should do you a kindness; therefore e'en live to die daily with envy of my happiness; but if you will needs die, kill your self and be damn'd for me I vow and swear.

Ger. But won't you fight for your Mistress?

Monf. I tell you, you shall not have the honour to be kill'd for her; besides, I will not be bit in the teeth by her as long as I live with the great love you had for her. Women speak well of their dead Husbands, what will they do of their dead Gallants?

Ger. But if you will not fight for her, you shall Dance for her, since you desir'd me to teach you to Dance too; I'll teach you to Dance thus ——

[*Strikes his Sword at his legs.* Monsieur *kapt.*

Monf. Nay, if it be for the sake of my Mistress, there's nothing I will refuse to do.

Ger.

Ger. Nay, you must Dance on.

Monſ. Ay, ay, for my Miſtreſs and Sing too, *la*, *la*, *la*, *ra*, *la*.

Enter Hippolita *and* Prue.

Hipp. What Swords drawn betwixt you two? what's the matter?

Monſ. Is ſhe here? [*Aſide.*
Come put up your Sword; you ſee this is no place for us; but the Devil eat me, if you ſhall not eat my Sword, but——

Hipp. What's the matter, Couſin?

Monſ. Nothing, nothing, Couſin; but your preſence is a Sanctuary for my greateſt Enemy, or elſe, *reſte bon.* [*To Ger.*

Hipp. What, you have not hurt my Couſin, Sir, I hope?

Ger. How ſhe's concern'd for him; nay, then I need not doubt, my fears are true. [*Aſide.*

Monſ. What was that you ſaid, Couſin? hurt me, ha, ha, ha, hurt me! if any man hurt me, he muſt do it baſely; he ſhall ne'er do it when my Sword's drawn, *ſa*, *ſa*, *ſa*.

Hipp. Because you will ne'er draw your Sword perhaps.

Monſ. Scurvily gueſs'd. [*Aſide.*
You Ladies may ſay any thing; but, Couſin, pray do not you talk of Swords and fighting, meddle with your Guitar, and talk of dancing with your Dancing-maſter there, ha, ha, ha.

Hipp. But I am afraid you have hurt my Maſter, Couſin, he ſays nothing; can he draw his breath?

Monſ. No, 'tis you have hurt your Maſter, Couſin, in the very heart, Couſin, and therefore he wou'd hurt me; for Love is a diſeaſe makes people as malicious as the Plague does.

Hipp. Indeed, poor Maſter, ſomething does ail you.

Monſ. Nay, nay, Couſin, faith don't abuſe him any longer, he's an honeſt Gentleman, and has been long of my acquaintance, and a man of tolerable ſenſe to take him out of his Love; but prethee, Couſin, don't drive the jeſt too far for my ſake.

Ger. He counſels you well, pleaſant-cunning-jilting Miſs for his ſake; for if I am your divertiſement, it ſhall be at his coſt, ſince he's your Gallant in favour.

Hipp. I don't underſtand you.

Monſ. But I do, a pox take him, and the Cuſtom that ſo orders it, forſooth; that if a Lady abuſe or affront a man, preſently the Gallant muſt be beaten, nay, what's more unreaſonable, if a Woman abuſe her Husband, the poor Cuckold muſt bear the ſhame as well as the injury. [*Aſide.*

Hipp. But what's the matter, Maſter? what was it you ſaid?

Ger. I ſay pleaſant, cunning, jilting Lady, though you make him a Cuckold, it will not be revenge enough for me upon him for marrying you.

Hipp. How, my ſurly, huffing, jealous, ſenſleſs ſawcy Maſter?

Monſ. Nay, nay, faith give lovers leave to ſpeak, lovers of Miſtreſſes eſpecially, ha, ha, ha. Beſides, your anger is too great a favour for him, I ſcorn to honour him with mine, you ſee.

Hipp. I tell you, my ſawcy Maſter, my Couſin ſhall never be made that monſtrous thing (you mention) by me.

Monſ. Thank you, I vow and ſwear, Couſin, no, no, I never thought I ſhould.

Ger. Sure you marry him by the ſage Maxime of your Sex, which is, Wittals make the beſt Husbands, that is, Cuckolds.

Hipp. Indeed, Maſter, whatſoever you think, I wou'd ſooner chuſe you for that purpoſe than him.

Monſ. Ha, ha, ha, there ſhe was with him, i'faith, I thank you for that, Couſin, I vow and ſwear.

Hipp. Nay, he ſhall thank me for that too; but how came you two to quarrel? I thought, Couſin, you had had more wit than to quarrel, or more kindneſs for me than to quarrel here: what if my Father hearing the Buſtle ſhou'd have come in, he wou'd ſoon have diſcover'd our falſe Dancing-maſter (for paſſion un-maſks every man) and then the reſult of your quarrel had been my ruine.

Monſ. Nay, you had both felt his deſperate, deadly, daunting Dagger; there are your des for you.

Hipp. Go, go, preſently therefore, and hinder my Father from coming in, whilſt I put my Maſter into a better humour, that we may not be diſcover'd, to the prevention of our Wedding, or worſe, when he comes, go, go.

Monſ. Well, well, I will, Couſin.

Hipp. Be ſure you let him not come in this good while.

Monſ. No, no, I warrant you. [*Monſ. goes out and returns.*

But if he ſhou'd come before I wou'd have him, I'll come before him and cough and hawk ſoundly, that you may not be ſurpriſed. Won't that do well, Couſin?

Hipp. Very well, pray be gone. [*Exit Monſieur.*

Well, Maſter, ſince I find you are quarrelſom and melancholy, and wou'd have taken me away without a Portion, three infallible ſigns of a true Lover, Faith here's my hand now in earneſt, to lead me a Dance as long as I live.

Ger. How's this? you ſurpriſe me as much as when firſt I found ſo much Beauty and Wit in Company with ſo much Innocency. But, Deareſt, I would be aſſur'd of what you ſay, and yet dare not aſk the queſtion. You h—— do not abuſe me again, you h—— will fool me no more ſure.

Hipp. Yes but I will ſure.

Ger. How! nay, I was afraid on't.

Hipp. For I ſay, you are to be my Husband, and you ſay Husbands muſt be Wittals, and ſome ſtrange things to boot.

Ger. Well, I will take my Fortune.

Hipp. But have a care, raſh man.

Ger. I will venture.

Hipp. At your peril, remember I wiſh'd you to have a care, fore-warn'd, fore-arm'd.

Pru. Indeed now that's fain; for moſt men are fore-arm'd before they are warn'd.

Hipp. Plain dealing is ſome kind of honeſty however, and few Women wou'd have ſaid ſo much.

Ger.

Ger. None but those who would delight in a Husbands jealousie, as the proof of his love and her honour.

Hipp. Hold, Sir, let us have a good understanding betwixt one another at first, that we may be long Friends; I differ from you in the point, for a Husbands jealousie, which cunning men would pass upon their Wives for a Compliment, is the worst can be made 'em, for indeed it is a Complement to their Beauty, but an affront to their Honour.

Ger. But, Madam——

Hipp. So that upon the whole matter I conclude, jealousie in a Gallant to humble true Love, and the height of respect, and only an undervaluing of himself to overvalue her; but in a Husband 'tis arrant sawcinesse, cowardise, and ill breeding, and not to be suffer'd.

Ger. I stand corrected, gracious Miss.

Hipp. Well! but have you brought the Gentlemen Fidlers with you as I desired?

Ger. They are below.

Hipp. Are they arm'd well?

Ger. Yes, they have Instruments too that are not of wood; but what will you do with them?

Hipp. What did you think I intended to do with them? when I whisper'd you to bring Gentlemen of your acquaintance instead of Fidlers, as my Father desir'd you to bring; pray what did you think I intended?

Ger. Faith, e'en to make fools of the Gentlemen-Fidlers, as you had done of your Gentleman Dancing-Master.

Hipp. I intended 'em for our guard and defence against my Fathers *Spanish* and *Guiney* force, when we were to make our retreat from hence, and to help us to take the Keys from my Aunt, who has been the watchful Porter of this House this twelve-month; and this design (if your heart do not fail you) we will put in execution, as soon as you have given your friends below instructions.

Ger. Are you sure your heart will stand right still? you flinch'd last night, when I little expected it, I am sure.

Hipp. The time last night was not so proper for us as now, for reasons I will give you; but besides that, I confess, I had a mind to try whether your interest did not sway you more than your love; whether the twelve hundred pounds a year I told you of, had not made a greater impression in your heart than *Hippolita*; but finding it otherwise——yet hold, perhaps upon consideration you are grown wiser; can you yet, as I said, be so desperate, so out of fashion, as to steal a Woman with nothing?

Ger. With you I can want nothing, nor can be made by any thing more rich or happy.

Hipp. Think well again; can you take me without the twelve hundred pounds a year; the twelve hundred pounds a year?

Ger. Indeed, Miss, now you begin to be unkind again, and use me worse than e'er you did.

Hipp. Well, though you are so modest a Gentleman as to suffer a Wife to be put upon you with nothing, I have more Conscience than to do it: I have the twelve hundred pounds a year out of my Father's power, which is yours, and I am sorry it is not the *Indies* to mend your bargain.

Ger.

Ger. Dear Miss, you but encrease my fears, and not my wealth: pray let us make haste away, I desire but to be secure of you; come, what are you thinking of?

Hipp. I am thinking if some little filching inquisitive Poet shou'd get my story, and represent it on the Stage; what those Ladies, who are never precise but at a Play, wou'd say of me now; that I were a confident coming piece, I warrant, and they wou'd damn the poor Poet for libelling the Sex; but sure though I give my self and fortune away frankly, without the consent of my Friends, my confidence is less than theirs, who stand off only for separate maintenance.

Ger. They wou'd be Widows before their time, have a Husband and no Husband; but let us be gone, lest fortune shou'd recant my happiness. Now you are fix'd, my dearest Miss. [*He kisses her hand.*

Enter Monsieur *coughing*, *and* Don Diego.

Hipp. Oh here's my Father!

Don. How now, Sir! what kissing her hand? what means that, Friend, ha! Daughter, ha! do you permit this insolence, ha! (*voto à mi honrà.*)

Ger. We are prevented again.

Hipp. Ha, ha, ha, you are so full of your *Spanish* Jealousie, Father, why you must know he's a City Dancing-master, and they, forsooth, think it fine to kiss the hand at the Honour before the Corant.

Mons. Ay, ay, ay, Uncle, don't you know that?

Don. Go to, go to, you are an easie *French* Fool, there's more in it than so, look you.

Mons. I vow and swear there's nothing more in't, if you'll believe one, Did not I cough and hawk? a jealous prudent Husband cou'd not cough and hawk louder at the approach of his Wifes Chamber in visiting-time, and yet you wou'd not hear me, he'll make now ado about nothing, and you'll be discover'd both. [*Aside to* Hipp. *and* Ger.

Don. Umph, umph, no, no, I see it plain, he is no Dancing-master, now I have found it out, and I think I can see as far into matters as another: I have found it now, look you.

Ger. My fear was prophetical.

Hipp. What shall we do? nay, pray, Sir, do not stir yet.

[Ger *offers to go out with her.*

Enter Mrs. Caution.

Caut. What's the matter, Brother? what's the matter?

Don. I have found it out, Sister, I have found it out, Sister, this Villain here is no Dancing-master, but a dishonourer of my House and Daughter, I caught him kissing her hand.

Mons. Pish, pish, you are a strange *Spanish* kind of an Uncle, that you are, a dishonourer of your Daughter, because he kissed her hand; pray how cou'd he honour her more? he kiss't her hand, you see, while he was making his Honour to her.

Don. You are an unthinking, shallow, *French* Fop, voto—— But I tell you, Sister, I have thought of it, and have found it out, he is no Dancing-master, Sister.

Sister. Do you remember the whispering last night? I have found out the meaning of that too, and I tell you, Sister, he's no Dancing-master; I'd have found it out.

Cont. You found it out, marry come up, did not I tell you always he was no Dancing-master?

Don. You tell me, you silly Woman, what then? what of that? you tell me, de' think I heeded what you told me? but I tell you now I have found it out.

Cont. I say I found it out.

Don. I say 'tis false, Gossip, I found him out.

Cont. I say I found him out first, say you what you will.

Don. Sister *Mum*, not such a word again, good de—— you found him out.

Cont. Nay, I must submit, or dissemble like other prudent Women, or——

Don. Come, come, Sister, take it from me, he is no Dancing-master.

Cont. O yes, he is a Dancing-master.

Don. What will you be wiser than I every way? remember the whispering, I say.

Cont. So, he thinks I speak in earnest, then I'll fit him still. [*Aside.* But what do you talk of their whispering, they wou'd not whisper any ill before us sure.

Don. Will you still be an Idiot, a Doit, and see nothing.

Monf. Lord! you'll be wiser than all the World, will you? are we not all against you? pshaw, pshaw, I ne'er saw such a Domineer as you are, I vow and swear.

Don. No, Sister, he's no Dancing-master; for now I think on't too, he cou'd not play upon the Fiddle.

Cont. Pish, pish, what Dancing-master can play upon a Fiddle without strings?

Don. Again, I tell you he broke 'em on purpose, because he cou'd not play; I have found it out now, Sister.

Cont. Nay, you see farther than I, Brother. [*Ger. offers to lead her out.*

Hipp. For Heaven's sake Sir not yet.

Don. Besides, if you remember they were perpetually putting me out of the Room, that was, Sister, because they had a mind to be alone, I have found that out too; Now, Sister, look you, he is no Dancing-master.

Cont. But has he not given her a Lesson often before you.

Don. I but, Sister, he did not go about his bus'ness like a Dancing-master; but go, go down to the door, some body rings. [*Exit* Caution.

Monf. I vow and swear Uncle he is a Dancing-master, pray be appeas'd, Lord d'e think I'd tell you a lye?

Don. If it prove to be a lye, and you do not confess it, though you are my next Heir after my Daughter, I will disown thee as much as I do her, for thy folly and treachery to thy self, as well as me, you may have her, but never my estate look you

Monf. How! I must look to my hits then. [*Aside.*

Don. Look on't.

Monf. Then I had best confess all, before he discover all, which he will soon do. *Enter*

Enter Parson.

O here's the Parson too! he won't be in choler now brandish Toledo before the Parson sure? *[Aside.*

Well, Uncle, I must confess, rather than lose your favour, he is no Dancing-master.

Don. No.

Ger. What has the Fool betray'd us then at last? nay, then 'tis time to be gone; come away, Miss. *[Going out.*

Don. Nay, Sir, if you pass this way, my *Toledo* will pass that way, look you. *[Thrusts at him with his Sword.*

Hipp. O hold, Mr. *Gerrard*, hold, Father!

Monsi. I tell you Uncle he's an honest Gentleman, means no hurt, and came hither but upon a frolick of mine and your Daughters. *[Stops his Uncle.*

Don. Ladron, Traidor.

Monsi. I tell you all but a jest, a meer jest I vow and swear.

Don. A jest, jest with my honour voto, ha! no Family to dishonour but the Grave, Wise, Noble, Honourable, Illustrious, Puissant, and right Worshipful Family of the *Ferrandi*; nay, I am contented to reprieve you, till you know who you have dishonoured, and convict you of the greatness of your crime before you die; we are descended, look you——

Monsi. Nay, pray Uncle hear me.

Don. I say, we are descended.

Monsi. 'Tis no matter for that.

Don. And my great, great, Grandfather was——

Monsi. Well, well, I have something to say more to the purpose.

Don. My great, great, great Grandfather, I say, was——

Monsi. Well, a Pin-maker in——

Don. But he was a Gentleman for all that, Fop, for he was a Serjeant to a Company of the Train-bands, and my great, great, great Grandfather was——

Monsi. Was his Son, what then? won't you let me clear this Gentleman?

Don. He was, he was——

Monsi. He was a Felt-maker, his Son a Wine-cooper, your Father a Vintner, and so you came to be a Canary-Merchant——

Don. But we were still Gentlemen, for our Coat was as the Heralds say——was——

Monsi. Was, your sign was the Three Tuns, and the Field Canary; now let me tell you this honest Gentleman——

Don. Now that you shou'd dare to dishonour this Family; by the Graves of my Ancestors in Great Saint *Ellen's* Church——

Monsi. Yard.

Don. Thou shalt dye for't, ladron. *[Runs at Gerard.*

Monsi. Hold, hold, Uncle, are you mad?

Hipp. Oh, oh.

Monsi. Nay then, by your own *Spanish* rules of honour (though he be my Rival) I must help him, since I brought him into danger. *[Draws his Sword.*

Sure he will not shew his valour upon his Nephew and Son-in-Law, otherwise I shou'd be afraid of shewing mine. *[Aside.*

Here

Here Mr. *Gerrard*, go in here, nay, you shall go in, Mr. *Gerrard*, I'll secure you all; and Parson do you go in too with 'em; for I see you are afraid of a Sword and the other World, though you talk of it so familiarly, and make it so fine a place. [*Opens a door, and thrusts* Gerrard, Hippolita *and* Parson *in, then shuts it, and guards it with his Sword.*

Don. Tu quoque, Brute.

Monsi. Nay, now Uncle you must understand reason; what, you are not only a *Don*, but you are a *Don Quixot* too, I vow and swear.

Don. Thou spot, sploach of my Family and blood; I will have his blood, look you.

Monsi. Pray good Spanish Uncle, have but patience to hear me; suppose —— I say, suppose he had done, done, done the feat to your Daughter.

Don. How, done the feat, done the feat, done the feat, *En hora mala.*

Monsi. I say, suppose, suppose ——

Don. Suppose ——

Monsi. I say, suppose he had, for I do but suppose it; well, I am ready to marry her however; now Marriage is as good a Solder for crack'd Female-honour, as blood, and can't you suffer the shame but for a quarter of an hour, till the Parson has marry'd us, and then if there be any shame, it becomes mine; for here in *England*, the Father has nothing to do with the Daughters business, honour, what de'e call't, when once she's marry'd, de'e see.

Don. England! what d'e tell me of *England?* I'll be a *Spaniard* still, *voto à mi hora*, and I will be reveng'd, *Pedro*, *Juan*, *Sanches*. [*Calls at the door.*

Enter Mrs. Caution *follow'd by* Flirt *and* Flounce *in Vizard Masks.*

Caut. What's the matter, Brother?

Don. Pedro, *Sanchez*, *Juan*, but who are these, Sister? are they not men in Womens Cloaths? what make they here?

Caut. They are relations, they say, of my Cousins, who press'd in when I let in the Parson, they say my Cousin invited 'em to his Wedding.

Monsi. Two of my relations, ha —— they are my Cousins indeed of the other night; a Pox take 'em, but that's no Curse for 'em; a Plague take 'em then, but how came they here?

Don. Now must I have witnesses too of the dishonour of my Family; it were Spanish Prudence to dispatch 'em away out of the House, before I begin my revenge. [*Aside.*

What are you? what make you here? who wou'd you speak with?

Flirt. With *Monsieur.*

Don. Here he is.

Monsi. Now will these Jades discredit me, and spoil my match just in the coupling minute.

Don. Do you know 'em?

Monsi. Yes, Sir, sure, I know 'em. Pray, Ladies, say as I say, or you will spoil my Wedding, for I am just going to be marry'd, and if my Uncle, or Mistress should know who you are, it might break off the match. [*Aside to 'em.*

Floun. We come on purpose to break the match.

Monsi. How!

Flirt. Why, de'e think to marry and leave us ſo in the lurch?

Monſ. What do the Jades mean? [*Aſide.*

Don. Come, who are they? what wou'd they have? If they come to the Wedding, Ladies, I aſſure you there will be none to day here.

Monſ. They won't trouble you, Sir, they are going again. Ladies, you hear what my Uncle ſays; I know you won't trouble him. I wiſh I were well rid of 'em. [*Aſide.*

Floun. You ſhall not think to put us off ſo. [*Aſide.*

Don. Who are they? what are their names?

Flirt. We are, Sir——

Monſ. Nay, for Heaven's ſake don't tell who you are, for you will undo me, and ſpoil my match infallibly. [*Aſide to 'em.*

Floun. We care not, 'tis our buſineſs to ſpoil matches.

Monſ. You need not, for, I believe, marry'd men are your beſt cuſtomers, for greedy Batchellors take up with their Wives.

Don. Come, pray Ladies, if you have no buſineſs here, be pleas'd to retire, for few of us are in humour to be ſo civil to you, as you may deſerve.

Monſ. Ay, prethee dear Jades get you gone.

Flirt. We will not ſtir.

Don. Who are they, I ſay, Fool, and why don't they go?

Floun. We are, Sir——

Monſ. Hold, hold.

They are perſons of honour and quality, and——

Flirt. We are no perſons of honour and quality, Sir, we are——

Monſ. They are modeſt Ladies, and being in a kind of diſguiſe, will not own their quality.

Floun. We modeſt Ladies!

Monſ. Why? ſometimes you are in the humour to paſs for Women of honour and quality; prethee, dear Jades, let your modeſty and greatneſs come upon you now. [*Aſide to 'em.*

Flirt. Come, Sir, not to delude you, as he wou'd have us, we are——

Monſ. Hold, hold——

Flirt. The other night at the French Houſe——

Monſ. Hold, I ſay, 'tis even true as *Gerrard* ſays, the Women will tell, I ſee.

Floun. If you won'd have her ſilent, ſtop her mouth with that ring.

[*Takes off his ring and gives it her.*

Monſ. Will that do't, here, here——

'Tis worth one hundred and fifty pounds;
But I muſt not loſe my match, I muſt not loſe a Trout for a Fly.
That Men ſhou'd live to hire Women to ſilence.

Enter Gerrard, Hippolita, Parſon *and* Prue.

Don. Oh, are you come agen!

[*Draws his Sword and runs at 'em,* Monſieur *holds him.*

Monſ. Oh, hold, hold, Uncle!
What are you mad, *Gerrard*, to expoſe your ſelf to a new danger? why wou'd you come out yet?

Ger.

Ger. Because our danger now is over, I thank the Parson there. And now we must beg—— [Ger. *and* Hipp. *kneel.*

Monſ. Nay, Faith, Uncle, forgive him now, ſince he asks you forgiveneſs upon his knees, and my poor Cousin too.

Hipp. You are miſtaken, Couſin; we ask him bleſſing, and you forgiveneſs.

Monſ. How, how, how! what do you talk of bleſſing? what do you ask your Father bleſſing, and he asks me forgiveneſs? But why ſhou'd he ask me forgiveneſs?

Hipp. Becauſe he asks my Father bleſſing.

Monſ. Piſh, piſh, I don't underſtand you, I vow and ſwear.

Hipp. The Parſon will expound to you, Couſin.

Monſ. Hey! what ſay you to it, Parſon?

Parſ. They are marry'd, Sir.

Monſ. Marry'd!

Caut. Marry'd! ſo, I told you what 'twou'd come to.

Don. You told us——

Monſ. Nay, ſhe is ſetting up for the reputation of a Witch.

Don. Marry'd, *Juan, Sanchez, Petro*, arm, arm, arm.

Caut. A Witch, a Witch!

Hipp. Nay, indeed Father, now we are marry'd, you had better call the Fiddles: Call 'em *Prue* quickly. [*Ex.* Prue.

Monſ. Who do you ſay marry'd, Man?

Parſ. Was I not ſent for on purpoſe to marry 'em? why ſhou'd you wonder at it?

Monſ. No, no, you were to marry me, Man, to her; I knew there was a miſtake in't ſome how; you were meerly miſtaken, therefore you muſt do your buſineſs over again for me now: The Parſon was miſtaken, Uncle, it ſeems, ha, ha, ha.

Caut. I ſuppoſe five or ſix Guinies made him make the miſtake, which will not be rectify'd now, Nephew; they'll marry all that come near 'em, and for a Guiney or two, care not what miſchief they do, Nephew.

Don. Marry'd, *Pedro, Sanchez?*

Monſ. How, and muſt ſhe be his Wife then for ever and ever? have I held the door then for this, like a Fool as I was?

Caut. Yes, indeed.

Monſ. Have I worn Golillia here for this? little Breeches for this?

Caut. Yes, truly.

Monſ. And put on the Spaniſh honour with the habit, in defending my Rival; nay, then I'll have another turn of honour in revenge. Come, Uncle, I'm of your ſide now, ſa, ſa, ſa, but let's ſtay for our force, *Sanchez, Juan, Petro*, arm, arm, arm.

Enter two Blacks, *and the* Spaniard *follow'd by* Prue, Martin, *and five other Gentlemen like Fiddlers.*

Don. Murder the Villain, kill him. [*Running all upon* Ger.

Mart. Hold, hold, Sir.

Don. How now, who ſent for you, Friends?

Mart. We Fiddlers, Sir, often come unsent for.

Don. And you are often kick'd down stairs for't too.

Mart. No, Sir, our Company was never kick'd I think.

Don. Fiddlers, and not kick'd? then to preserve your Virgin-honour, get you down stairs quickly; for we are not at present dispos'd much for mirth, voto.

Monsi. peeping. A pox, is it you, *Martyn?* nay, Uncle, then 'tis in vain; for they won't be kick'd down stairs, to my knowledge. They are Gentlemen Fiddlers, forsooth, a pox on all Gentlemen Fiddlers and Gentlemen Dancing-masters say I.

Don. How! ha. [*Pausing.*

Monsi. Well, *Flirt*, now I am a Match for thee, now I may keep you, and there's little difference betwixt keeping a Wench and Marriage, only Marriage is a little the cheaper; but the other is the more honourable now, *vers & bleu*, nay now I may swear a *French* Oath too. Come, come, I am thine, let us strike up the Bargain, thine according to the honourable Institution of Keeping, come.

Flirt. Nay hold, Sir, two words to the Bargain, first I have ne'er a Lawyer here to draw Articles and Settlements.

Monsi. How! is the World come to that? a Man cannot keep a Wench without Articles and Settlements, nay then 'tis e'en as bad as Marriage indeed, and there's no difference betwixt a Wife and a Wench.

Flirt. Only in Cohabitation, for the first Article shall be against Cohabitation; we Mistresses suffer no Cohabitation.

Monsi. Nor Wives neither now.

Flirt. Then separate Maintenance, in case you shou'd take a Wife, or I a new Friend.

Monsi. How! that too? then you are every whit as bad as a Wife.

Flirt. Then my House in Town, and yours in the Country, if you will.

Monsi. A meer Wife.

Flirt. Then my Coach apart, as well as my Bed apart.

Monsi. As bad as a Wife still.

Flirt. But take notice I will have no little, dirty, second-hand Chariot new forbish'd, but a large, sociable, well painted Coach, nor will I keep it till it be as well known as my self, and it come to be call'd *Flirt*-Coach; nor will I have such pitiful Horses as cannot carry me every night to the *Park*; for I will not miss a night in the *Park*, I'd have you to know.

Monsi. 'Tis very well, you must have your great, gilt, fine, painted Coaches, I'm sure they are grown so common already amongst you, that Ladies of Quality begin to take up with Hackneys agen, Jarnie; but what else?

Flirt. Then, that you do not think I will be serv'd by a little dirty Boy in a Bonnet, but a couple of handsom, lusty, cleanly Footmen, fit to serve Ladies of Quality; and do their business as they shou'd do.

Monsi. What then?

Flirt. Then, that you never grow jealous of them.

Monsi. Why will you make so much of them?

Flirt. I delight to be kind to my Servants.

Monsi.

Monſ. Well, is this all?

Flirt. No then, that when you come to my Houſe, you never preſume to touch a Key, lift up a Latch, or thruſt a Door, without knocking before hand; and that you ask no queſtions, if you ſee a ſtray Piece of Plate, Cabinet, or Looking-glaſs in my Houſe.

Monſ. Juſt a Wife in every thing; but what elſe?

Flirt. Then, that you take no acquaintance with me abroad, nor bring me home any when you are drunk, whom you will not be willing to ſee there, when you are ſober.

Monſ. But what allowance? let's come to the main bus'neſs, the money.

Flirt. Stay, let me think, firſt for advance-money five hundred pounds for Pins.

Monſ. A very Wife.

Flirt. Then you muſt take the Leaſe of my Houſe, and furniſh it as becomes one of my Quality; for don't you think we'll take up with your old Queen *Elizabeth* Furniture, as your Wives do.

Monſ. Indeed there ſhe is leaſt like a Wife, as ſhe ſays.

Flirt. Then, for Houſe-keeping, Servant-wages, Cloaths, and the reſt, I'll be contented with a thouſand pound a year preſent maintenance, and but three hundred pound a year ſeparate maintenance for my life, when our Love grows cold; but I am contented with a thouſand pound a year, becauſe for Pendants, Neck-laces, and all ſorts of Jewels, and ſuch Trifles, nay and ſome Plate, I will ſhift my ſelf as I can, make ſhifts, which you ſhall not take any notice of.

Monſ. A thouſand pound a year! what will Wenching come to? Time was, a Man might have fared as well at a much cheaper rate; and a Lady of ones affections, inſtead of a Houſe wou'd have been contented with a little Chamber three pair of Stairs backward, with a little Cloſet or Larder to't; and inſtead of variety of new Gowns and rich Petticoats, with her Diſhabilice or Flame-colour Gown call'd *Indian*, and Slippers of the ſame, wou'd have been contented for a twelve-month; and inſtead of Viſits and gadding to Plays, wou'd have entertain'd her ſelf at home with St. *George* for *England*, the Knight of the Sun, or the Practice of Piety; and inſtead of ſending her Wine and Meat from the *French*-houſes, wou'd have been contented, if you had given her (poor Wretch) but credit at the next Chandlers and Checker'd Cellar; and then inſtead of a Coach, wou'd have been well ſatisfi'd to have gone out and taken the Air for three or four hours in the Evening in the Balcony, poor Soul. Well, *Flirt*, however we'll agree; 'tis but three hundred pound a year ſeparate maintenance, you ſay, when I am weary of thee and the Charge.

Don. Rob'd of my Honour, my Daughter, and my Revenge too! Oh my dear Honour! nothing vexes me but that the World ſhould ſay, I had not *Spaniſh* Policy enough to keep my Daughter from being debauch'd from me; but methinks my *Spaniſh* Policy might help me yet: I have it ſo—— I will cheat 'em all; for I will declare I underſtood the whole Plot and Contrivance, and conniv'd at it, finding my Couſin a Fool, and not anſwering my expectation. Well; but then if I approve of the Match, I muſt give this Mock-Dancing-maſter my Eſtate, eſpecially ſince half he wou'd have in right of my Daughter, and in ſpight of me. Well, I am reſolv'd to turn the Cheat upon themſelves, and give them my Conſent and Eſtate.

Monſ.

Monſ. Come, come, ne'er be troubl'd, Uncle, 'twas a Combination, you ſee, of all theſe Heads and your Daughters; you know what I mean, Uncle, not to be thwarted or govern'd by all the *Spaniſh* Policy in *Chriſtendom*. I'm ſure my *French* Policy wou'd not have govern'd her, ſo, ſince I have ſcap'd her, I am glad I have ſcap'd her, Jernie.

Cant. Come, Brother, you are wiſer than I, you ſee, ay, ay.

Don. No, you think you are wiſer than I now, in earneſt; but know, while I was thought a Gull, I gull'd you all, and made them and you think I knew nothing of the Contrivance. Confeſs, did not you think verily, that I knew nothing of it, and that I was a Gull?

Cant. Yes indeed, Brother, I did think verily you were a Gull.

Hipp. How's this? [*Liſtning.*

Don. Alas, alas, all the ſputter I made was but to make this Young-man, my Couſin, believe, when the thing ſhou'd be effected, that it was not with my connivence or conſent; but ſince he is ſo well ſatisfi'd, I own it. For do you think I wou'd ever have ſuffer'd her to marry a *Monſieur*, a *Monſieur Guarde*. Beſides, it had been but a beaſtly inceſtuous kind of a Match, voto——.

Cant. Nay, then I ſee, Brother, you were wiſer than I indeed.

Ger. So, ſo. [*Aſide.*

Cant. Nay, Young-man, you have danc'd a fair Dance for your ſelf royally, and now you may go jig it together till you are both weary; and though you were ſo eager to have him, Mrs. *Minx*, you'll ſoon have your belly-full of him, let me tell you, Miſtreſs.

Pru. Hah, ha.

Monſ. How, Uncle! what was't you ſaid? Nay if I had your *Spaniſh* Policy againſt me, it was no wonder I miſs'd of my aim, mon foy.

Don. I was reſolv'd too, my Daughter ſhou'd not marry a Coward, therefore made the more ado to try you, Sir, but I find you are a brisk Man of Honour, firm, ſtiff, Spaniſh Honour; and that you may ſee I deceiv'd you all a long, and you not me; ay, and am able to deceive you ſtill; for, I know, now you think that I will give you little or nothing with my Daughter (like other Fathers) ſince you have marry'd her without my conſent; but, I ſay, I'll deceive you now, for you ſhall have the moſt part of my Eſtate in preſent, and the reſt at my death; there's for you, I think I have deceiv'd you now, look you.

Ger. No, indeed, Sir, you have not deceiv'd me, for I never ſuſpected your love to your Daughter, nor your Generoſity.

Don. How, Sir! have a care of ſaying I have not deceiv'd you, leſt I deceive you another way; guards —— pray, Gentlemen, do not think any Man cou'd deceive me, look you; that any Man could ſteal my Daughter, look you, without my connivence.

The leſs we ſpeak, the more we think,
And he ſees moſt, that ſeems to wink.

Hipp. So, ſo, now I cou'd give you my bleſſing, Father, now you are a good compliſant Father, indeed.

When Children marry, Parents ſhou'd obey,
Since Love claims more Obedience far than they. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

Epi-

EPILOGUE

Spoken by *Flirt.*

THE Ladies first I am to Compliment,
Whom (if he cou'd) the Poet would content,
But to their pleasure then they must consent.

Most spoil their sport still by their modesty,
And when they shou'd be pleas'd, cry out, O fie,
And the least smooty jest will ne'er pass by.

But City damsel ne'er had confidence,
At smooty Play to take the least offence,
But Mercy shews, to shew her innocence.

Yet lest the Merchants Daughters shou'd to day
Be scandaliz'd, not at our harmless Play;
But our Hippolita, *since she's like one*
Of us bold Flirts, of t'other end o' th' Town;
Our Poet sending to you (though unknown)
His best respects by me, do's frankly own
The character to be unnatural;
Hippolita *is not like you at all;*
You, while your Lovers court you, still look grum,
And far from wooing, when they woo, cry mum;
And if some of you e'er were stoll'n away,
Your Portion's fault 'twas only I dare say:
Thus much for him the Poet bid me speak,
Now to the men, I my own mind will break;
You good men o' th' Exchange, *on whom alone*
We must depend, when Sparks to Sea are gone;
Into the Pit already you are come,
'Tis but a step more to our Tyring room.

Where

Where none of us but will be wondrous sweet
Upon an able Love of Lumber-*street:*
You we had rather see between our Scenes,
Than spend-thrift Fops with better Cloaths and meens;
Instead of Lac'd-coats, Belts, and Pantaloons,
Your Velvet Jumps, Gold Chains, and grave Fur Gowns,
Instead of Perriwigs, and broad cock'd Hats,
Your Sattin Caps, small Cuffs, and vast Crevats;
For you are fair and square in all your dealings,
You never cheat your Doxies with gilt Shillings;
You ne'er will break our Windows, then you are
Fit to make love, while our Hoxeans make War;
And since all Gentlemen must pack to Sea,
Our Gallants, and our Judges you must be;
We therefore, and our Poet, do submit
To all the Chamlet Cloaks now i' the Pit.

FINIS.